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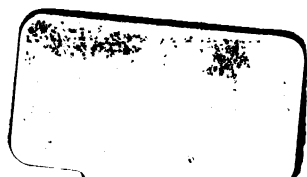
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LETTERS

FROM

SAUNDERS McTAVISH

TO HIS

GUID-BRITHER IN THE KINTRA.

BY

THE HON. WILLIAM STORRIE,

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

OF

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

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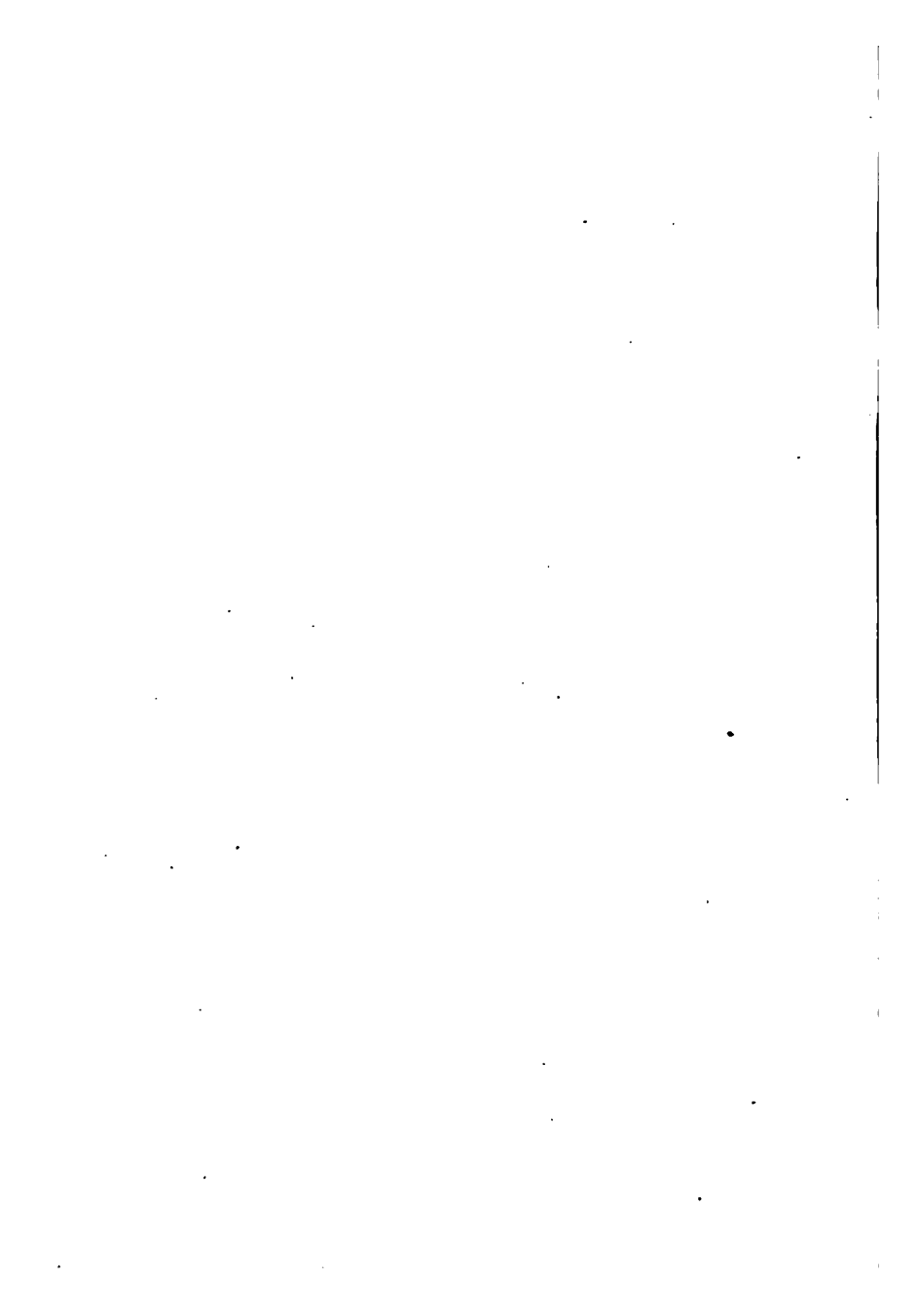
P R E F A C E.

THE following letters appeared some years ago in the *South Australian Advertiser*.

Begun mainly as a pastime, they attained a certain amount of popularity which led to their being continued much longer than had been originally intended.

Although frequently requested to publish them for sale, the author is aware that, from their local nature, they must necessarily be devoid of general interest, and the present publication is therefore for private circulation only.

With the exception of the correction of a few errors, they now appear exactly as originally printed.



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LETTERS FRAE SAUNDERS McTAVISH

TO HIS

GUID BRITHER IN THE KINTRA.

I.—ANENT THE GOURLAYS AN' ITHIER THINGS IN GENERAL.

WEEL! Jock, as ye've been aye speerin' if the Gourlays' enterteenment is as gude as the papers mak' it oot to be, I maun tell ye that it's a hantle better. I gaed to see them last nicht, an', man, it was the best three shullins' worth I ever had in a' my life. To begin wi' the leddy: she's a fine braw woman, wi' a sweet voice o' her ain, an' a gude idea o' actin', but I hadna' heard twa three words afore I kent she cam frae the south side o' the Tweed, though, for an English leddy, she gi'es the Scots no' that bad, an' in a way that wadna be deteckit by Englishers, and a gude mony Scotsmen as weel.

Bit to hear Gourlay himsel' was a divert. It pit me in mind o' auld times, and gart me think I was in the Gallowgate again. Somehoo, maist o' the Scots that come here seem to be kin' o' shamed o' their ain auld mither tongue, an' when they hae been here twa three years, what wi' their whummlin' the words i' their mooths, an' trying to ca' cannily ower the r's, ye can hardly tell what they're sayin'.

But I'm in hopes that wi' the Gourlays' veesit the gude auld tongue 'll come into vogue again, and we'll hae a' the Englishers tryin' to talk Scots, an' vera richt tae, for it's far in advance o' English, baith in soun' an' expression. I've nae doot it was the language Adam and Eve used when they were coortin'; an' my ain idea o' a millenium is, a' the folk wearin' kilts, speakin' gude braid Scots, dancin' reels an' Hielan' flings to the soon' o' the bagpipes, drinkin' the best Glenlivet wi' maybe a wee drap green ginger wine for the leddies, and then sittin' doon to a gude supper o' haggis, pease brose, parritch, an' sheep's head kale. But talkin' o' sheep's heads minds me I maun return to my muttons, as the Frenchie's say.

Weel, Gourlay's a fine buirdly chiel wi' a gude open intelligent coontenance, no' unlike mysel', but maybe no wi' quite siccan a sweet expression aboot the e'e broos. His smooth's no unlike my ain, an' that was aye thocht to be ane o' my best features. Od! but he's a handsome man! An' to hear him speak was a treat. He gi'es ye the true accent an' nae mistak'. Man! I lauched till I maist brak' the chair I was sittin' on. An' it was rich to see the Englishers when they saw the Scotsmen lauchin' they be't to lauch as weel, though the ae hauf o' them didna' ken what they were lauchin' at. But this shows the true power o' the artist. An' here I wad observe what a great advantage a Scot has, for he can speak an' write twa languages, an' the Englisher canna' if ye excep' French an' German an' sic' foreign trash as is no worth mentionin'. It's aye alloo't that the Scots speak finer an' purer English than the bodies dae theirsells. We dinna miss oo't oor h's an' pit them in whaur they shudna' be; we dinna pit r's to the en' o' sic words as idea, umbrella, an' the like.

We dinna pronoonce fellow as if it was written feller, nor law lor, an' we ken fine the differ a'tween v and w, and that's mair than thae dae. Besides oor poets an' prose writers can write gude Scots, an' the vera best o' English; an' though I winna' deny to the Southern bodies a certain amount o' command o' their ain language, yet I'll defy ye to produce ony Englisher that ever was cleckit that could either write or speak Scots. Na, na, that's a cut abune them.

Weel, there's a callant ca'd Johnnie, that's a rale wee conceit. Od! man, he can sing like a mavis, an' for actin' he bates a'. He's an infant Roscius. An' the bit laddie that plays the piawno, he's a fine actor tae, that lad, an' he has a maist wonnerfu' fine touch. He can play a' the auld Scots airs that noo will gar your heart loup as licht as a lintie, an' syne maist gar ye greet, thinkin' o' auld lang syne, when ye were a wee bit bairnie sittin' listenin' to the playin' o' them whase fingers are noo still in death, an' wha hae been lang gane "whaur the weary cease frae troublin'."

I'm thinkin' it wad be a fine thing if the Captain o' the Scots Company wad tak a' his recruits to see the Gourlay's. Nae doot, bein' sae mony o' them, they wad get in for half price as the schules dae, an' if they gaed in their kilts, wi' their piper playin' afore them, it wad be a gran' sight. I'm tell't there's Germans an' Englishers in that Company, an' it wad be weel if they were learn't twa three words o' the language they're supposed to speak. It's an unco thing that they couldna' get eneuch o' Scots laddies to mak' up their num'er. There's only ae exercise whaur they're like to fail; an' that's stannin' at ease, for I'm fear't the mosquitoes 'll no let them. But if it ever comes to fechtin' they'll be a' richt,

for there's a wheen Glasca' chappies amang them, and they'll aye fecht till they dee.

- The Gourlays are gaun to your pairt o' the kintra, an' ye maunna fail to see them; or, if ye can come into the toon an' fyle a plate wi' us, we'll tak' you and Kirsty an' the bairns to White's Rooms.

I'm unco glad to hear ye hae had siccan a fine hair'st, though prices are but sma'. In the toon things couldna' be waur. There's naething sellin', an' when it's sell't, ye canna' get in yer siller. But we maun aye lippen to Providence, an' hope for better times.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

II.—ANENT BANKS AN' ITHAR THINGS IN GENERAL.

MAN! Jock, but that was an unco pliskie ye play't me to sen' ma letter to the "Adverteeser." I declare I was maist dumfoonert when I saw't in prent. I was fear't that Maister Gourlay wadna be ower weel pleased at me for sayin' he was na' sic a fine lookin' chiel as mysel'; but that's no his faut, an' I'm sure I didna' misca' him.

I tell't ye afore that things were unco bad in the toon. Ye may gang to the Bank noo wi' a hail poochfu' o' bills, but no a bodle can ye get on them. They'll no look at a fairmer's bill, an' as for a sma' shopkeeper's, or a travellin' merchant's, they'll tell ye, if they're in a guid temper, that they'll collec' them for ye, but no ae bawbee can ye raise on them, an' if ye

ask for a cash credit or a bit overdraft, they'll look at ye as if ye were gane gyte, an'll hardly gi'e ye a ceevil answer; an' if ye're a wee bit pertinacious like, od! man, they'll order ye clean aff the premises. Hech! but bankin's sair changed sin' I had a stule in the British Linen. I aye thocht afore that they made their siller by borrowin' frae the tane an' lennin' to the tither, an' the differ in interest was their profit after payin' the wages o' the callants that keepit their bukes. But they maun hae invented a new plan noo, for it's a' wha'll get maist siller gether't thegither, an' 'll no pairt wi' ae far-den to save their ain faither frae bein' broke. Whaur their dividen's are to come frae, is mair than I can tell, but that's their affair, an' no mine.

Hech! man, its eneuch to drive ye red-wud to hear the clishma-claivers they're deavin' us a' wi' about the Government deposits. It's a' haivers. If the Banks had eneuch o' capital o' their ain, things wad be a' richt, but they haena', an' that's what's drivin' the ae hauf o' us into the *Gazette*, an' the tither into makin' preevat arrangements—losh! pity me, but there's wabsters in Glasca', forbye Paisley, that'll disburse mair in wages o' a Saturday nicht than wad stairt a Bank here, an' I ken mony a cantie auld wife i' the Saut-Market an' the Guse-Dubs that could pu' mair siller oot o' an auld stockin' fit, or a bit broon tea-pat wi' nae nose than they hae in a' their tills pit thegither.

An' they made a gran' mistak' in startin' sae mony kintra branches. It was a divert to see them cuttin' ane anither's throats for the kintra business, an' wee bits o' toonships whaur ae storekeeper an' ae public-hoose was maist starvit, maun hae twa Banks wi' mainagers an' accoontants a' complete. An' bits o' laddies hardly left schule got thae fine

titles, an od, man ! if it was in a pairt o' the kintra whaur there warn'a' mony resident gentry, they were made J.P.'s at ance. Wha but they ? It was fine times for Bank clerks. I was maist vex't that I hadna' prentised wee Davie to the Bankin' trade instead o' the butcherin' ; but I'm no heedin' noo, for I hear tell the laddies dinna' get a very high wage, an' though it's a fine thing to be a J.P., yet the butcherin's a guid trade to mak' siller in, and Davie can kill an' dress a sheep noo maist as weel's his maister ; and for mincin' collops he's far ayont him.

When I first cam' here, an' saw the ae pun' notes, I thocht to mysel' they hae the Scots Bankin' system here. But deil a hait mair o't hae they than that, an' they hadna' even gumption eneuch to mak' the anes a wee sma'er than the fives an' tens, sae that a body that canna' read, or is disguist in drink, or maybe a wee short sighted like yoursel', could tell them by the size.

But I hae an idea in ma head that'll make a change gey'an sune. Ye ken I hae a far awa' cousin that's third messenger in the British Linen Bank at Embro'. A decent lad, Tam Nerney by name, an' comes o' a gude family. His mither sell't speldrins at the fute o' the Coogate, an' made a heap o' siller, an' forbye his faither's brither was married on the Laird o' Kittle-oxter's youngest niece, a young leddy o' forty-seeven, wi' a humpy back, so ye see he's connect wi' the landed aristocracy. He's weel acquaint wi' bankin', forbye haudin' sic a 'sponsible place, he was nicht watchman to the Western Bank afore she broke. Weel, I'm sen'in' Tam a bit screed o' the pen this mail, and I wadna' wunner if we hae a brainch o' that auld Scots Bank here afore anither tow-mont, an' I was thinkin' if you and me an' twa three mair

wad promise oor accoonts, they'd mak' Tam the Mainager an' us Directors.

Eh! but there's a fine chance for that muckle inert mass—the Sooth Australian Government—to immortalise their sells and save the kintra. If they wad withdraw their siller frae the Banks that are daein' nae gude wi't, an' begin a' Gran' National State Bank, issuin' notes on the security o' the unsold land, and lennin' money to the fairmers to tak' them oot o' the hauns o' the land sharks, an' saxty per cent. vampyres that are sookin' oot their vera life blude.

But they're a fusionless lot, an' no gleg in the uptak' ava, an' yet they hae ae Scotsman amang them no entirely devoid o' gumption.

The chief deafeculty wad be in gettin' a mainager. They'd want an auld colonist, a Scotsman tae, an weel acquent wi' bankin' frae his youth up. A man o' imposin' exterior an' possest o' pleasin' mainners, that wadna girn like a wull-cat or look as glum as a hoolet when a bodie wantit a wee bit accommodation, but that could, if needs were, sen' folk awa' without what they wantit maist as weel pleased as if they had it. He wad need to be a man that didna' drink ower muckle, an' was aye sober in business hoors, a man o' experience, eddication, intelligence, and integrity. If the Ministry coodna' fin' sic a man, I ken fine whaur he is.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

III.—ANENT THE POLIS FORCE, AN' ITHAR THINGS IN GENERAL.

EH! Sirs, but oor public affairs are in a bonny mess the noo, frae the crown o' oor heed to the sole o' oor fit we're unsoon' a'thegither. Frae the Judges on the Bench doon to the polisman on his beat, or maybe rather aff his beat, a' things hae gane wrang.

I'm no gaun to fash ye wi' a' the clavers aboot the Hospital, the Polis, the Waterworks, an' I dinna' ken hoo mony mair departments that hae gane ajee. It maun hae been unco driech wark for the puir bodies that sat on the Commissions o' Enquiry, eneuch to mak' them scunner, I wad think. Od! I feel wae for them. But I maun tak' up ma text about the Major, an' the way oor Government ser't him after what they ca'd the Polis Commission.

Ye ken fine, Jock, that I'm nae freen' to the polis. It's no lang sin' syne that ane o' them daurna hae shown his face in the McTavish kintra. An' sin' we were ta'en up when we were laddies for pittin' oot lamps, I couldna' thole them ava.' Still I maun alloo that when ye come to leeve amang a wheen Englishers an' Eirishers, that the polis are, as ye may say, a necessary evil, an' its nae mair than the duty o' a Christian man to look at them as fellow-creatures and see they hae justice done them. Ye'll mind hoo there gat up a muckle cry that a' the force was disorganees't, an' after the Major had been sent awa' by his superiors, twa o' his subordinates demandit an enquiry. I needna' tell ye o' the shamefu' way he was used, condemned in his absence, an' no even aloot to see a copy o' the charges against him.

Sae far as I could see o' the evidence the main charges

were three. First, that he didna gree ower weel wi' his twa neist officers; second, that he was ower meelitary in his tendencies, whatever that might mean; an' third, that he dischargit polisemen that got fou'.

As to the first I winna' say muckle. There might be fauts on baith sides, an' the maitter was simplified by ane o' his subordinates resignin'; but if every head o' a depairtment that keeps a ticht haun on them below him is to be hauled ower the coals for't an' dismiss't, the hail service 'ill sune gang to the dogs. As to his tendencies being ower meelitary, plain folk wad think that was an advantage in a place whaur there were nae sodgers stationed, an' as the authorities ca' the mounted polis troopers, an' airm them wi' carbines an' cutlasses, it's evident they mean them to be a kin' o' hauf meelitary force.

But it cam' wi' an unco bad grace frae oor Government to twit the Major wi' hae'in' meelitary tendencies, when they gang theirsells struttin' aboot in their cocked hats an' gold lace an' wi' swords by their sides. Muckle they ken aboot swords; as muckle as a Heilan'man does o' a pair o' breeks. An' no' satisfied wi' makin' theirsells perfectly redeulous, they maun force a' their heads o' depairtments to dress in the same style, to the confusion o' a' propriety, an' the eternal fitness o' things. Did ever onybody hear o' a dafter thing than garin' an Inspector o' Schules wear a sword? If they maun a' hae their ain devices, a cane or a pair o' taws wad hae been muckle fitter, no to speak o' the sair expense they hae pit the puir fellows tae wi' their newfanglit Ceevil Service uniforms.

As to dischargin' the polis for gettin' fou, I maintain that the Major was perfectly richt. A drucken polisman's a

hantle waur than a drucken clerk, an' it's no sae lang sin' the vera Government that dismiss't the Major sent a notice to the hail Ceevil Service that a' druckenness in business hoors wad be followed by dismissal.

Man! I admired the Major's stootness when he wadna' resign. Frae a' sides he was invected to resign an' save trouble. It minded me o' ane o' the lairds o' McTavish, frae wham I claim lineal descent, an' his henchman. Ae mornin' the laird's parritch wasna' just to his likin'. I dinna' mind what was in faut; it was either ower het or ower cauld, or it had ower muckle saut in't, or no eneuch o' saut. Hoosom-ever, the laird wasna' pleased, an' he just ordered his henchman to be hangit. Noo it wasna' his faut, puir man. He didna' mak' the parritch, an' he objectit to being hangit, but the hail clan were sae astonish't at his obstinacy, an' sae fear't that if the laird cam' to hear o't he'd hang them a' that they insistit on't, an' his ain wife cam' till him greetin' sair, and said wi' tenderness, "Come awa', Duncan, ma man, come awa', an' be hangit, an' no anger the laird." In the same way, the Major was entreated to resign, an' no anger the Government, but he wadna', sae they removed him an' pit in his place the man that had been veertually in command durin' a' this period o' disorganization.

I haena' the honor o' the Major's acquaintance, but if I had, I wad advise him to shake the dust frae his feet an' hae naething mair to dae wi' sic an ungratefu' Government. Nae doot, the Government *de jure* o' New Sooth Wales (for I canna' ca't a Government *de facto*) wad be glad to get a man o' meeletary tendencies to lick their constabulary into shape, an' transfer the balance o' power frae the bushrangers to the constituted authorities.

An' if there's ony men o' influence in this colony that hate injustice an' a' underhaun' wark, an' dinna like to see an auld public servant treated wi' sic doonricht ingratitude, wad get up a testimonial to the Major, auld Saunders wad be unco prood to gie a sma' trifle to sic an honorable objec'.

But, bide a wee Jock! Here's a problem for ye. We'll say for the sake o' argument that the Polis Force is disorganees't. Remedy—dismiss the Commissioner; he's responsible. The Hospital's disorganees't; dismiss the Colonial Surgeon. The Public Works Depairtment's in the same state; dismiss the Architect. The Reservoir's leaky; dismiss the Engineer. The Northern Territory pairty is a' by the ears; dismiss the hail bilin' o' them. But wha's responsible for a' the public affairs ganging wrang? Why, the Government. Remedy—dismiss them; an' if I was in the Hoos', an' it sittin', I wad move a "want o' confidence" the morn's morn; as sure's death I wad.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

IV.—ANENT GLENELG AN' IOTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

I MAUN gie ye some accoont o' Glenelg, whaur we hae been the simmer for the dookin'. Ye see some o' the bairns hadna' been vera weel, an' wee Tam had an unco sair hoast, an' as Mistress McLachlan an' Mistress McTaggart had baith ta'en hooses at the saut water, the gudewife deavit the vera life oot o' me to gang tae, for as she vera properly observit, it

wad never dae for the likes o' them to be turnin' up their auld noses at us, whilk they wad be sure to dae if they ance thocht that we couldna' afford to tak' a hoos' at the Bay for twa or three weeks at ony rate, o' the simmer. Noo there's naebody fashes theirsells less about what Mrs. Grundy wad say than mysel'. I jist never heed her clypes an' her clavers, but what can ye dae when ye hae a lot o' women folk aye dinnin' at your lugs?

I dinna like the Bay muckle. I dinna like haein' ma auld banes rattle't and shuk i' their busses. I dinna like bein' stewet inside, or roasted outside. An' abune a' things I dinna like bein' pairted at nichts frae the twa three auld cronies that I'm in the habit o' meetin' to settle the affairs o' the nation—at I winna say what tavern, for fear the Ministry wad' be settin' ony o' their detectives on us. But this muckle I'll say o't, that they keep a geyan' gude glass o' whuskey there—nane o' your colonially distillet trash like maist o' what's retail't here, but rael Glenlivet, the likes o' what ye canna get in mony hooses here, forbye yer ain an' mine. An' maist o' a', I dinna like to be warin' gude siller thae bad times on what ye may ca' superfluties, sic as fresh air and saut water.

In spite o' a' ma objections I be't to gang, an' I maun say that ance ye're there, after the wearisome journey's ower, it's no siccan a bad place. They hae an unco braw pier, an' it's maist awfu' croodit at nichts wi' a' the rank, beauty, an' fashion, as the penny-a-linin' bodies say, an' a gude wheen mair that hae nae claim ava to sic distinctions.

Although I'm nae frien' to the present Ministry, I'll jist gie the Treasurer a bit hint, if he wants to raise a wee pickle mair revenue, for I'm feart he's like to hae an unco toom

pooch. What wi' the profligate expenditure on salaries an' the like, an' what wi' the sma' returns that are comin' the year frae the Customs an' the land sales, ma certie he'll hardly hae ae bawbee to rub agin anither. Weel, let him clap on a tax o' a penny or tippence on ilka ane that gangs on the Glenelg pier, an' he'll hae a braw lump o' siller to fa' back on; an' if the Government hae sense eneuch to mak' a railway to the Bay, gude guide us, the returns wad be enormous.

Weel, I'll just tell ye wi' a' brevity o' hoo I used to spend the day at Glenelg, when I wasna comin' up to the toon by ane o' Cobb's busses that tak' ye up for a saxpence. Firstly, I maun get up at sax o'clock an' gang doon for ma dook. They alloo ye to bathe frae aff the Pier up till seven o'clock, an' if ye can soom weel, it's an unco gude place to jump in frae. But as I'm no quite sae soople as I was some thretty years sin' syne, I maistly took ma dook frae the beach, an' a sair bother I fun' the sand to be.

They hae ae gude arrangement doon there. They mak' the leddies an' the weans bathe on the tae side o' the Pier, an' the men on the tither; an' the better to prevent ony rovin' spirits frae ganging owre close to the Jetty, they hae fine an' cannily sprinkled the sand for a hunner yards or twa on baith sides o't wi' bits o' broken bottles. No but what the practice is open to some slicht objection, for whiles somebody gangs in at nicht in the wrang place, or the waves wash a bit broken glass on to the proper bathin' grund, an' some puir fallow gets lamit for life. But ye maunna heed sic triflin' accidents, ye maun aye look to the greatest happiness o' the greatest nummer, ye ken, an' if it's a pleasure to the authorities o' Glenelg (for they hae a Mayor an' Corporation

there) to throw broken bottles on the sand, wha shude hin'er sic innocent diversion?

After comin' up frae the dookin', I was in the habit o' takin' a wee drap o' brandy; an' I'll gie ye a wrinkle, Jock, whuskey's no sae gude to mix wi' the saut water ye hae swallo't. By itsel', or wi' a sma' infusion o' fresh water, either het or cauld, it beats brandy a' to sticks. By an' bye, I got ma parritch, an' then I took a dauner doon to the Pier, either wi' a buke to read, or to watch the bits o' laddies a' thrang fishin' an' catchin' naething, or else to hae a bit crack wi' an auld acquaintance or ony stranger I micht fa' in wi', on things in general.

It's a maist extraordinar' thing hoo a man o' intelligence, that has made proper use o' his opportunities during his pilgrimage in this warld, can enter into conversation wi' a perfect stranger. Man! ae mornin' I met in wi' a man—a Scotsman—no lang frae the auld country, that was the maist perfec' gentleman, an' ane o' the maist intelligent chieles I ever saw in ma life. Ye ken, Jock, I hae twa three what ye micht ca' extreme opinions on various maitters, an' if I hae a faut, it's maybe that I'm ower muckle gien to forcin' ma ain views doon ither folks' thrapples. No that I can be far wrang in that, for ma views are maistly the richt anes; still some folk dinna like it, an' I hae seen yersel' maist inclined ta throw your empty glass at me whiles, when I hae perfectly floored ye in argument. But this man was a *rara avis*, an' it wad hae dune ye gude to hear him. He 'greed wi' everything I said, an', in fact, he even gaed far'er than mysel' in some things. I was sae pleased to meet wi' a man o' sic breadth o' view, an' sae free frae prejudice, that I maun hae him doon to the Pier Hotel, an' gie him a dram. Weel,

we gat unco cantie ower oor drink, an' afore he gaed awa' he askit me to len' him ten shullin's. Bein' a wee aff ma guard at the time, I let him hae't, an' I hae never seen a sicht o' him frae that day to this. He was a maist extraordinar' clever man, an' ane o' Nature's gentlemen. I was thinkin' if he saw this in prent, he micht sen' me the siller in saxpenny stamps, for I hae plenty o' tippeny anes by me the noo.

I maun tell ye some mair about the Bay anither time, I canna finish the noo, for the parritch has just come ben, an' I maunna let them get cauld. Tell Kirsty I hae gotten some fine pease-meal for her. I hae fun' oot a decent lad in the toon that sells't.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

V.—ANENT GLENELG AN' OTHER THINGS IN
GENERAL.

EH! Sir, but its awfu' to think o' the amoont o' ingratitude that's to be met wi' in this wicked warld. I haena' heard a word frae the chiel I lent the ten shullin's tae. It shows what an awfu' depth o' depravity the human mind is capable o' sinkin' tae, when ae Scotsman 'll try to tak' in anither. It's a hantle waur than the benighted savages in Feejee eatin' ane anither. He wasna' a Hielander ony way. I'm thinkin' he maun been ane o' yer Paisley bodies; they're an auld far-rant set o' chieils, wi' a maist wunnerfu' gift o' the gab.

To gang back to the Pier again. By the time ye hae dauner'd up an' doon a dizzen times or twa, an' glower't in

the water, an' then lookit at the hills, an' glower't in the water again, ye begin to feel as if ye want it yer drap kail, an' yer bit sheep's-head, or whatever else ye're gaun to hae for yer denner, an' its maist astonishin' what a cheap an' halesome denner a sheep's-head 'll mak' wi twa gowpensfu' o' pearl barley, three bawbee's worth o' turmits, an' twa three leaves o' parsley, an' a wheen tawties, ye'll hae a denner eneuch for a large family an' fit for an Emperor, at the cost o' about a shullin' or ane an' tippence at the ootside. I'm maist awfu' fond o' sheep's-head kail. It wad be a guid thing if the English were learnt to bile their meat an' sup the brae, especially thae hard times; it wad be an unco savin' in place o' aye usin' the frying pan or the oven, lettin' the best juices o' the meat a' rin into kitchenfee, or if they send it to the bakehouse, gude kens whaur it gangs.

When a body's cam to ma time o' life he maistly aye wants a bit nap after denner. I tried it ance at the Bay, but ye nicht as weel try to mak raips frae sea-sand as to sleep at the Bay in daylight. Man! its a maist awfu' place for flies. They're in hunners and thoosands. The utmost flicht o' imagination couldna depict them. If I had been Pharaoh, an' the plague o' flies in Egypt had been ae hauf as bad as at Glenelg, I'd hae let every Israelite gang, gi'en them a gude push on the shouthers to help them on their way, an' thoct I was weel quit o' them. They're a maist frichtfu' pest. Losh! man, if ye gang to the kirk on the Sabbath day ye wad think the folk were performin' some new kin' o' worship; sic slappin' o' cheeks an' wavin' o' handkerchiefs ye never saw. Some hae got flies i' their een, some i' their mooths, some up their nose, forbye twa three mair that hae gotten 'hem inside their sleeves, or up the legs o' their breeks; an'

considerin' the sacredness o' the place are no vera sure what to dae wi' them.

Sleepin' bein' clearly oot o' the question, ye've nae ither resource but to gang doon to the pier again till aboot sax o'clock, when the busses come doon, then ye can gang to yer tea; after that hae anither dook, and syne on to the pier again till supper time. Sae muckle pier is maybe a wee thocht monotonous, an' twa three weeks o't wad drive me crazy.

Eh, but it is an unco contrast atween Glenelg an' the dizzens o' bonny places doon the Frith o' Clyde, whaur ye can see Nature in her very grandest apparel, and enjoy a' the comforts o' civilization as weel—the best o' whuskey an' the best o' aitmeal. Whaur else will ye ever see sic enchantin' scenes, or mair calculated to bring oot a' the finest feelin's o' yer nature? Maybe wanderin' the noo wi' yer lass doon by the burn or up the steep hill side, gatherin' the fruits in their seasons—the hips and haws, the slaes, the nits, and black boyds, or raxin' owre to a hazel bush to pu' a muckle cluster to gie to yer bonny bit lassie, an' syne fendin' her lily-white hauns frae the thorns on the bramble bushes, or gangin' wi' her at the gloamin' to fetch hame the kye, an' haein' a fine drink o' the rich het milk just as its milkit into yer luggie.

Whaur wull ye ever see sic places for boatin' as there! where every twa three miles a different loch opens oot to the view the maist magnificent mountain scenery wi' bonny cozie bits o' neuks at the fit o' the glens, the clear streams frae the hills noo tum'lin' ower a muckle linn, syne coursin' mair slowly doon the hill side, leaving a bonny bricht green streak through the purple heather, an' then wimplin' an' sparklin' ower the

clear chuckie stanes, till they saftly mingle wi' the branch o' the great ocean they've been seekin' ever since they left their lofty sources abune the clouds. Its bonny to see the grass, an' the gowans, an' the buttercups growin' in places doon to the water's edge, an' the rowan trees wi' their bricht scarlet berries wavin' ower them, an' to listen to the hum o' the bum-bee, or the whirr o' the paitrick, or the sangs o' the laverock, the mavis, or the lintie, a' thrang liltin' up their praises to their Maker for placin' them in sic a beautifu' warld.

At the Bay ye hae nae birds o' sang, nae grass nor floo'rs, nae trees but that awfu' abortion the tobacco-tree. There's naething but sand an' sea. If ye tak a boat there's nae land on the ither side in sicht that ye can gang tae. If ye stay on shore, ye maun either gang on to the pier or the sea wa', or the beach. On the last twa ye get smothered wi' sand, an' on the pier itsel' ye're sairly pestered wi' the skirlin o' the weans that are aye getting their feet stuck atween the brods. There's nae fruit gardens there like them at hame, whaur ye get in for a penny, an' can eat as mony grossets as ye like, but no to pooch nane, though in some o' them they let ye carry oot as muckle as ye can haud in yer neive.

But I maunna omit to mention ae thing the Bay has got that the residents are unco' prood o', an' that's the Creek. Eh! but it's an awsome place, an' I'd back the smell o't to pit in the shade a' the smells o' Cologne pit thegither. I hae aften wunner't that some public spirited chiel hasna' prosecuted the Government on accoont o' that smell. They're the proprietors o' the Creek, an' are naturally responsible for the effluvium, an' if it was ta'en to Coort I dinna doot but that ony expert in smells wad say that a bilin' doon establishment, or ony o' thae can'le warks that there has been

sae muckle row about, were like otto o' roses compared wi't.

The English whiles try to mak' fun o' us for some o' the expressions we mak' use o', an' in the plenitude o' their self-conceit they ca' sic' expressions or idioms "Scotticisms," forgettin' that if we ca'd a' their bad grammar an' bad English "Anglicisms," we would hae a list o' at least three to ane against them. If they hear a Scotsman say he "feels" a smell, ye'll see a bit nicher or contemptuous look gang roun' the lot o' them. But I maintain that that's mony a time the richt word to use, an' its the only expression that'll correc'ly describe the sensation experienced by the olfactories at the Creek. As the darkness in the land o' Egypt was ane that could be felt, even sae is the smell o' the Glenelg Creek.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

VI.—ANENT INSOLVENCIES AN' OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

If I were askit to describe the powers an' privileges possess't by the Coort o' Insolvency in this province, I wad say it had been instituted for a twafold purpose—first, to throw as muckle siller as possible into the hauns o' the lawyers; an' second, to gie mair than ordinar' facilities to enable dishonest debtors to cheat their creditors. It's but charitable to conclude that these werena' exac'ly the intentions o' oor law-givers; but if they had been, a' I could hae said wad be that they had been rewardit wi' a greater measure o' success than usually attends their efforts at legislation.

Some o' the maist enlightened nations o' antiquity had a

vera sensible law providin' that the inselvent debtor beame the property o' his creditor, an' could, along wi' his wife and bairns, be sell't into slavery; an' mair nor that, if his creditors were numerous, they could, if they saw fit, chap him up into bits an' divide him amang them. But we live in a humanitarian age, an' three classes that were maybe a wep bit owre muckle pit upon in former days, hae had their condition sae gradually ameliorated, that, heh! they hae gotten the upper haun a'thegither noo. The puir slave is "a man an a brither," an' nae mistake, an' they're giein' him political richts noo that they're denyin' to his former maisters. The criminal has been sae pampered and coddled up, that he's a hantle better aff than the innocent pauper. I'll be boun' to say that nane o' the prisoners either at the Jail or Stockade wad hae touched wi' a pair o' tangs the black ration sugar, said to be served oot to the puir bairns doon at Brighton, or wad hae pit up wi' either the claes or accommodation that thae unfortunates suffered frae; an' as for the debtor, his richts are sae weel defined an' lookit after that he has his creditors quite at his mercy.

I nichtna' be exac'ly disposed to gang back to the full severity of the ancient law, but I think it wad hae a gude effec' in cases o' fraudulent bankruptcy if the insolvent had to submit to some sma' mutilation, sic' as the loss o' a finger or a lug to be nail't up in the Coort, as a warnin' to ither evil doers. There's some folk ye ken that can only be kept frae cheatin' by the dread o' physical pain.

Nae doot there are mony cases o' unavoidable misfortune, an' wi' sic' cases every honest man ocht to sympathese, the mair especially as he doesna' ken when his ain turn might come. But, in mony o' the cases that hae cam under ma ob-

servation, it's been the lazy, thriftless, dishonest, intemperate, or improvident man that has ta'en advantage o' the Coort, either by ganging through't, or by gettin' his creditors to tak' a sma' composition for fear he shud gang through't.

Ye see thretty pun's no muckle to tak' a man through the Coort when the estate's a big ane, but in a sma' estate it's ruination, an' the intendin' insolvent may, if he likes, realise the hail o' his available assets to raise the thretty pun', an' his creditors 'll get naething ava. Sae when a debtor wi' an estate that wad maybe realise wi' carefu' management fra ane to twa hunner pounds gets into difficulties, either through drink, or neglectin' his business, or giein' reckless credit, he's gey an' apt to threaten his creditors wi' the Insolvent Coort, an' kennin' that they're entirely in his hauns, they're glad to tak' five shullin's in the pun' or whatever else he'll offer, for fear they get naething. It's a vera fine to say mak' him gang through the Coort an' oppose him at every stage. Wha's gaun to waste their time an' their siller for the mere chance o' gettin' him punished? Ye see he's a puir debtor, ye're a vindictive creditor, the sympathy's a' wi' him; it's difficult to prove this, an' impossible to prove that; ye canna dive into his bosom an' produce his exac' motives; ye maun aye pit the maist favorable construction on what he did or what he didna dae, an' though it's as plain as the nose on yer face that the rascal's cheated ye richt an' left, ten to ane he gets aff wi' a first or a second class, an' is no content wi' lauchin' in his sleeve, but lauchs bauldly in yer face. Sae muckle for sma' estates. As for big anes, a' I wad say is, that at ony meetin's o' creditors, a' the cry frae ilka ane is, "keep it oot o' the Coort." I think that shows that the system as administered by the Coort is no an economical ane.

It's high time, I think, that the Commissioner was relieved frae his duties in the Local Coort. He has owre muckle to dae noo. Sae great has been the increase o' business in the Insolvency Coort that ye'll see seven or aucht cases set doon to be heard at the same hoor, an' sic a state o' things canna' be richt. That's no the Commissioner's faut, he's a decent lad, but there's ae thing that even "the maist talented member o' a talented family" canna dae, an' that's to be in twa places at ance, an' withoot possessin' that attribute o' duality I canna see hoo ony man can manage the business o' the twa Coorts muckle langer.

I saw by yer last that ye thocht o' comin' into the toon to declare yersel', an' a' things consider't, I think ye cudna dae better. If I mind richt, ye settled the maist o' your land on Kirstie by an ante-nuptial settlement, an' the lave o't wi' the hoose an' plenishin' by a post-nuptial ane. The horses an' kye maistly belang to the bairns, an' forbye that, ilka ane o' them has a gude balance in the Savin's Bank. An' yer ain crap an' the wheat ye bocht ye hae shippit to England, drawn against it, an' discoontit the bills, an' noo ye can cum into the Coort wi' clean hauns as a misfortunate man that has suffer't sairly frae drouth, bad craps, an' low prices. I'm thinkin' when the Messenger o' the Coort gangs up to tak' possession he'll be sair pit to't to get onything to seize. But ye needna be fear't, he'll no' tak' yer person. Nae man that's acted sae prudently as ye hae, will ever get into jail for debt. Ye'll gang through the Coort wi' flying colours an' get yer first-class.

Neist week I maun gie ye a bit o' advice hoo to act.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

VII.—ANENT INSOLVENCIES AN' ITHAR THINGS
IN GENERAL.

THE first question yer lawyer 'll pit tae ye, when ye gang to declare yersel' will be, "Hae ye got siccan' a thing as thretty pun' about ye?" Nae doot instances hae been kenn'd o' their takin' less than thretty pun', whiles as low as fifteen, for it's aye coont'd a gude legal maxim that a lawyer may tak' less than his fee without lowerin' himsel' in his profession, always provided that he tak's a' the siller his client has got. But there's nae frichts o' their takin' less than the hail pun' o' flesh frae ye, for yer circumstances are ower weel kenn'd, sae it behoves ye no to come into the toon empty-handed. Ye can sell onything ye like to raise the needfu' sum, an' I wad suggest that maybe ane o' yer neebors michtna' objec' to gie ye thretty pun', for yer new buggy an' the powny chaise wi' the harness. Of coorse ye wad need to hae an understaunin' implied but no expressed, that ye're to hae them back again at a sma' advance when ye get through the Court. Be carefu' hoo'ever, no to hae ony dealin's o' this kind excep' wi' an honest upright man, whase word ye can lippen tae, or he micht maybe cheat ye oot o' yer ain property.

There's anither thing that's alloo't by the law, an' that is that ye may selec' for yer ain use, thretty pun's worth o' claes an' furniture. The law gies a liberal interpretation to this clause, an' no to be ahint the law, ye may gie a still mair liberal ane. The law has never exac'ly defined what are necessary claes for an insolvent, an' if for instance ye wanted to keep yer new damask window curtains, ye micht freely dae't. A' ye wad need to say wad be that ye wanted to mak' them into a dressin' goon, an' as there's nae law to hin'ner an insolvent

frae haein' a dressin' goon, ye wad be on the richt side o' the hedge. Hoovever, as ye hae had the precaution to settle a' the plenishin' on the gude wife, ye'll no need to disturb yer hoosehold gods muckle. What ye maun reserve for yer ain use 'll be a' the plate, picters, articles o' "bigotry an' virtue" that ye may hae acquire't sin' yer last settlement was made, an' in fac' everything in the hoose or aboot the hoose that ye canna by ony colorable pretext mak' it appear to belong to yer wife or bairns. Tak' yer time ower't an' dae't thoroughly; naebody'll ca't in question.

To use a wee metaphorical language by way o' a change, I look on ye noo as the pilot o' a frail bark, that during its coorse on a hitherto untroubled sea has come upon broken waters, an' is bein' gradually but surely sucked into the vortex o' a whirlpool nae ither than the Charybdis o' the Insolvent Coort. An' I maun here gie mysel' a wee credit for this comparison, for as the terrors o' the fabled Charybdis were magnified by distance, and as the hardy mariner wha ventured to gang near't fun' oot that the closer he approached it the less terrible it became, till it turned oot to be naething mair than a wee bit eddy, no to be compared wi' the "Rip" at Port Phillip Heads on a calm day, even sae does the puir tradesman or farmer, strugglin' wi' difficulties, look frae a distance on the Insolvent Coort as a fearsome place, till gradually seduced by the force o' example, he alloos himsel' to approach nearer an' nearer to its unhallowed precincts. The closer he gets t'it the mair enticin' does he find its appearance, till at length he boldly dashes in, an' fin's oot, to his great surprise, that its terrors are a' imaginary. Under the ægis o' the Coort he sits doon, as ye may say, beneath his ain vine an' fig tree, nane daurin' to mak' him afraid—an' safe

under its protection he bids defiance to debts an' duns. He fears nae writs nor summonses; he surveys wi' an easy mind the prospec' o' ither vessels wrecked here and there, an' after a short period o' probation he emerges frae his haven o' safety, free frae a' claims on either his person or his property, an' far better prepared to gang on wi' the battle o' life than his mair timid or mair scrupulous competitors that set every sail or try every manœuvre to escape bein' dragged into the supposed fatal vortex. Yer care, Jock, maun be to see that ye dinna get stranded on ony shoals on yer way to the Coort, or dashed to bits against ony o' the rocks that are to be met wi'. Chief amang these is ane that might weel answer to the pairt o' Scylla; an' to keep up the metaphor a wee while langer without absolutely ridin' it to death; I maun tell ye to beware o' ony strains o' music that may likely entice ye that way, music that whiles playit in that neeborhood, an' is, nae doot, highly enticin' to the agricultural mind, though to me it has the effec' o' makin' day hideous. I refer to blin' organ-men an' the like that are whiles playin' aboot the Bank o' Allasia in King William Street.

To drop metaphor a' thegither an' return to stern fac's, I maun tell you an' a' ither intending insolvents in the vera words o' Rabbie

“ If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede you tent it ;

“ A chiel's amang you, takin' notes,

An' faith, he'll prent it ! ”

I refer to the proprietor o' that muckle establishment ; his motto is, “ *Nunquam Dormio.* ” He has a gleg e'e for insolvents, an' hech ! I believe he hauds them in nearly as muckle detestation as I dae mysel'.

Weel yer best plan is, when ye leave the Railway Station, to walk cannily (ye maunna drive) up the shady side o' Bank-street, syne by Leigh an' Topham-street, and sae into King William-street, an' dinna gang near the Bank o' Allasia ava, till ye hae yer 'stificate snug in yer pouch, an' then ye need to care for nae man. I needna tell ye no to pit on kid gloves, for I ken ye never wear them, but be sure no to hae yer Sunday claes on, but the auldest suit ye hae—the mair threadbare the better—an' be sure to hae an unco' dooncast look, as if ye daurna look a sheep in the face.

When ye get near the Toon Ha' ye'll fin' the lawyers as thick as flies roon' a barrel o' treacle; for 'as the auld saying is, "whar the carcass is, there &c."—but I maunna continue the quotation, for lawyers are kittle cattle to deal wi', an' they micht mak' it oot to be libel. Yer lawyer, when he fin's oot ye hae thretty pun' in yer pouch, 'll receive ye as if ye were his ain lang-lost brither, an' henceforth yer coorse is clear. Be sure to get him to apply for maintenance. Ye may as weel hae twa three pun' a week oot the estate as onybody else, an' at ony rate it aye looks weel to ask for't, an' excites sympathy. The folk 'll say, "There's Saunders McTavish's guid-brither, puir man, that was sae weel aff, is actiawly obliged to get maintenance frae the Coort."

Some o' yer creditors will maybe enter an opposition, bit they'll sune get tired o' that. They're maistly puir folks, an' they hae to pay their lawyers oot o' their ain pouch. Yer lawyer bein' paid beforehand in the lump, of coorse gets the case postponed as often as he can, till the puir bodies get tired o' attendin' week after week, an' paying pun' after pun', an' by the time o' yer third or fourth meetin', ye'll find a' opposition quietly withdrawn. Ye maun be carefu' however

to gie, as the sayin' is, "a' the assistance in yer po'or" to the Accountant o' the Coort, an' as yer books hae aye been weel kept, nae po'or on earth can prevent ye gettin' yer first-class certificate without suspension.

Twa three words as to yer behaviour after gettin' through the Coort michtna' be amiss, but the bairns are skirlin' sae the noo, I hae nae peace to write, an' maun leave it to anither time.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS McTAVISH.

VIII.—ANENT SCOTTISH SANGS AN' ITHAR THINGS IN GENERAL.

I DIDNA' write ye for the last week or twa, for I was in the kintra mysel'. I gaed up as far as the Darlin' Junction, an' ma certie! there's a wheen canny bodies up there, they wer'na cleckit yestreen. An' even in thae remote pairts the inhabitants are no entirely destitute o' ceevelization, an' no a' thegither unacquaintit wi' music, literature, and the fine arts. Man! I heard a chiel up there sing "Are ye sleepin', Maggie," in a style that wadna' hae dune muckle discredit to ane o' the barefitted laddies that sing ballants i' the Saut-market for bawbees.

I'm rale fond o' that sang, or ony ane that has the name o' Maggie in't—sic as "Duncan Gray," "Maggie Lauder," an' the lave. That was the name o' the first sweetheart ever I had, an' I keepit as true to her as the needle to the pole for mair nor a dizzen years aff an' on. Puir lassie! it's nigh on thretty year sin' her bonnie blue een were steekit

by the unsparin' haun' o' Death, an' when she was laid i' the cauld yird, a' the warmest hopes an' aspirations o' ma' youth were buried wi' her. An' the hail warld appeared to me but a dreary waste when the bonniest lassie in a' braid Scotland was pit under the mools. I'm an auld man noo, but ma heart's green yet, an' for her sake, an' twa three mair sweethearts I hae had o' the same name sin' syne, I hae aye had an affection for the name o' "Maggie." It's by far the bonniest amang oor Scottish feminine names, and was aye a favourite in the M'Tavish family.

Man, there's a wale o' interestin' subjec's amang oor auld Scots sangs. The maist o' them treat o' love or drink, the twa maist po'orfu' motors o' human actions; but we hae them o' a' sorts forbye—humorous, pathetic, patriotic, warlike, religious—there's no ane o' the changefu' moods that affec' the human mind, but what there's a gude Scots sang to suit it; an' they hae an unco po'or. There's "Tullochgorum," noo'; losh, man, if ye had just come back frae buryin' yer faither, ye be't to join in an' "shake a fit," if that was ance weel an' fairly started.

I hae had ma ain share o' crosses in this vale o' tears, but I hae aye acted by the advice o' the bard—

"Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow an' care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats an' an auld Scottish sang."

That's the true philosophy, Jock! It has ser'd me weel for nigh threescore years, an' when ye can show me a better I'll adopt it. Eh, sirs, but we're muckle indebted to oor great sang writers, Ramsay, Tannahill, McNeil, Ferguson, the great Burns, an' a hail host besides.

Noo-a-days a'body writes wi' a purpose—the novelist, the poet, the muscular Christian, even doon to the Protectionist, an' no to be ahint the lave o' them, I winna deny that I hae had a purpose in view mysel'. It's been nae less than to attempt, sae far as ma humble po'ors wad admit, to produce in this kintra, in a "lingua scripta," some o' the beauties o' the gude auld Scots tongue; an' whilst maybe affordin' some sma' measure o' amusement or instruction to the risin' generation, at the same time gie pleasure to some o' the cantie auld Scots folk like mysel', in remindin' them through their native Doric o' the associations o' their childhood in the "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," whilk they'll aiblins never see again in the coorse o' their pilgrimage.

An' it's wunnerfu' hoo muckle I hae been encouraged in ma poor endeavours. No but what some o' the letters I get are unco fashious. I hae been pestered to that extent for locks o' ma hair, that I annoonce ance for a' that exceptin' twa three grey locks on ilka haffet, that I co'odna' weel spare, ma poo's as beld as the paulm o' ma haun'. I'll gie awa nae mair o' ma cartes for naething. I hae fixed the price noo at hauf-a-croon the piece, an aughteenpence for ma autograph, prepaid in tippenny stamps.

When a body has risen, as I may say withoot vanity, to be a popular an' even a classic author, it's eneuch to mak' ye scunner to hae hosts o' land-loupers threepin' doon yer throat that they're connec'it wi' ye. A chiel o' the name o' Peter McWhummil has been tryin' to mak oot he's ma guid-brither. As sure's death, Jock! I dinna ken the man frae Adam; an' as for Bell Gregor, although I hae aye had an unco weakness for the fair sex, I maun confess it's been strictly limited to the younger portion o't. Auld wives I never could thole awa.

Aiblins, hooveer, Bell may be a genty bit lassie that's become enamoured o' me, an' no the auld wife she maks hersel' oot to be. If sae, an' if she's really fond to mak ma acquaintance, she micht send her carte to the Editor o' the *Advertiser* for me, an' after I've seen't I'll be better able to judge whether it wad advantage baith parties to hae an interview. But unless she's young an' mair than ordinar bonny, I canna promise onything ayont a Platonic affection.

It's an unco queer idea the Englishers hae in their mind's e'e o' a Scotsman. They picture him as a gawky, shamblin', red-headed, high cheek-baned sumph, wi' nae idea o' humor, an' few thochts ayont cheetin' his neebors; his only physical relaxation takin' sneeshin' an' drinkin' whusky; an' his mental ane, arguin' by the hoor anent Predestination or Effectual Callin'. Ae would-be-wit—Sydney Smith, they ca'd him—said it needed a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotsman's head; and this menseless whid has been aften repeated by shallow-pated pretenders to wit, an' even noo, in a company o' English, it's sure to raise a lauch.

Noo, the fact is, that the Scot has really a far superior sense o' humor to his Southern brither, an' he has sic inexhaustible stores o't in the writin's o' his ain countrymen, baith in prose an' verse, whilk are in a measure a sealed buke to the Englisher, that the best and maist labored efforts o' the English humorists, though perfectly understood by him, appear tame an' weak in comparison. I happen to ken hoo 'twas that Smith gied utterance to that ill-natured gibe. Ye see at ae time he was sae far honored as to be alloo't to bide in Embro' in the society o' sic men as Brougham, Jeffries, an' ithers, far his intellectual superiors, an' a' the jokes he attemp't were sae desperate bad, that thae distin-

guished men, hooever weel inclined, cudna' in justice to theirsells get up even a nicher, muckle less a guffaw at them, an' this riled the body sae, he could never gie a gude word o' a Scotsman after. I'd back Rabby for a mutchkin to hae had mair fun an' wit in the tip o' his wee pinkie than the sneerin' English parson in the hail o' his muckle carcass.

After readin' the "Noctes," "Mansie Waugh," or the "Last o' the Lairds," the best o' the English writers appear to a maister o' baith languages wersh an' fushionless. It's like suppin' sowens after bein' used to gude ait-meal parritch. No that sowens is that bad for a change.

I see ye hae gotten ower yer first meetin' wi' na mair notices o' opposition than ye expec'it. But hoolie, hoolie, ma man, dinna be ower fleyed, ye'll tak nae scaith; they'll aiblins be thrawn eneuch the noo, but though ye may hae a teuch tulzie or twa, tak' tent, an' ye'll be a' richt yet.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

IX.—ANENT INSOLVENCIES AN' ITHIR THINGS IN GENERAL.

"THERE being no opposition, the insolvent was awarded a second-class certificate without suspension." And a lucky thing it was for you, Jock, that there was nae opposition. Ye're a' richt noo, as ye hae gotten yer certificate; but atween you an' me an' the post, if there had been opposition, it wad hae been either to Ashton's Hotel, or the Stockade, that the present letter wad hae been directed.

Although ye're ma ain guid-brither, I'm no exac'ly blin'

to yer fauts, an' after a carefu' perusal o' yer case, I canna but come to the conclusion that ye had rendered yersel' amenable to justice, under the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 8th, and 11th divisions o' Clause No. 125 o' the Insolvent Act o' Sooth Australia, an' for ilka ane o' them, ye were liable to three years imprisonment. No to speak o' Clause No. 213, whilk onybody wi' hauf an e'e can see wad trip up the heels o' nine oot o' ten insolvents that gang through the Coort, if it werna' for thae twa three words "with intent to defraud." That's ane o' the weak points o' oor Insolvent Act, an' till these words are either omitted or interpreted differently, sae lang will creditors in this colony be subjected to little better than daylight robbery wi' nae hope o' remead. Oor legislators nicht as weel, in definin' the crime o' pocket-picking, say, if ony person shall pick anither's pocket with intent to steal; or in referrin' to the crime of arson, if ony person shall stick a lichted match into a hay-stack with intent to set it on fire, as retain these words, "with intent to defraud," in clause No. 213 o' the Insolvent Act.

The Act itsel' is severe enouch if properly carried oot; in fac' I think the 11th division o' Clause No. 125 is carried to the verge o' absurdity, but there's twa main reasons o' its inefficacy. The first is the unaccoountable tenderness aye shown by the Coort towards insolvents. Although the Legislature has provided a punishment o' three years' imprisonment for infraction o' ilka ane o' the eleven divisions o' Clause No. 125, an' twa years' imprisonment wi' hard labor under Clause No. 213, I can charge ma memory wi' only ae insolvent gettin' as muckle as twa years, an' that was for something no contemplated by the Act, viz.—makin' use o' his lum for a sporran. The ither main reason is requirin' a creditor to

oppose. I canna see why there shudna' be a public prosecutor for the Insolvent Coort as for the Supreme Coort. The fees are quite high eneuch to pay for ane. Mony a time even when a creditor has gane to the waste o' time an' siller necessary to oppose an insolvent, he fin's oot it's o' nae use, through notice o' opposition no haein' been gi'en in time, or some ither paltry quibble, an' thereby the fraudulent insolvent escapes the just reward o' his deeds.

This notice o' opposition it wad appear maun be gi'en accordin' to certain rules that are no to be fun' in the Act itsel', an' whar they're to be met wi' I canna tell; but I will say this, that they shud hae been in the Act, an' it's no complete withoot them. For general information I wad here remark that the Insolvent Act is to be had at the Government printin' office for a shullin', that nae tradesman's leebrary's complete withoot it, an' the warin' o' that shullin' micht save him mony a sax and aughtpence.

I see there's beginnin' to be a bit o' a stir aboot the insolvent laws, an' that plucky wee place Nairne is takin' the lead. Certainly there's nae toon in the colony that could hae cam forrit wi' greater propriety in the maitter than Nairne. I think the folk there ken nearly as muckle aboot insolvency as I dae mysel'. When they cum to haud a meetin' in yer neebourhood, Jock, I'll expec' ye to dae the State some service. Ha'ein' been through the Coort yersel' sic a short time sin', yer dictum 'll be muckle lippeden tae; an' noo that ye're a man o' property again, it behoves ye to discourage, by every means in yer po'or, ither folk fra takin' advantage o' the Coort, aiblins to yer ain cost.

About seevenpence farden yer estate I'll pay, I think ye said. Weel, it's no muckle; but on the ither haund it's no'

the sma'est dividend that has been paid the year, sae ye hae nae reason to be ashamed. Nae doot ye'll be drivin' up an' doon King William-street twa three times wi' a new pair o' kid gloves on, jist to show that ye hae a richt to wear them; but I maun warn ye against feelin' owre prood, an' despisin' owre muckle ony o' the puir bodies ye hae ruined.

Yer grandfaither, noo, was a splendid example o' what an honourable, upricht, generous British merchant shud be. I mind weel when the Renfrew Bank broke. I was but a callant at the time, but I was aye gleg ayont ma years. There was a maist awfu' panic then, a' through the kintra. Yer grandfaither was a kin' o' Napoleon in his way, an' he kent the time was cam' for him to mak' his "grand coup." He owed a gey bit at the time, an' it was maistly a' to sma' wabsters an' sic like. Weel he held three ane-pun' notes o' the Renfrew Bank, an' he at ance issued circulars for a meetin' o' his creditors, tellin' them he was ruined by the stoppage o' the Bank. I've heard it tell't hoo there was siccan a lot gethered, that the big room at the Black Bull wad hardly haud them, an' when yer grandfaither in his caulm stately way tell't them he cudna' pay mair than a shullin' in the pun', there was a yell gat up that was heard a' the way to the Gallowgate on the ae side, and Jamaica-street on the tither. Hech! but they were nearly the last words he ever spak', for there were twa auld wives wi' mutches on, whase 'oo' he had bocht twa days afore; they flew at him like teegers an' wad hae tore him limb frae limb, if it hadna been for a wheen stoot porters that he had brocht wi' him for protection. As it was, they had a hard job to get him oot o' the grups o' the twa infuriated auld jauds;

he was sair forfauchten wi' them, an' to the day o' his death he could never thole the sicht o' an auld wife or a mutch.

Hoo'ever he wasna' to be daunted, an' when he gat his breath, he tell't them plainly if they didna' tak' the shullin' they wad get naething; sae at last, for fear they wad loss a', they agreed t'it. Weel, he paid them their shullin' in the pun', there an' then, an' a hard argle-barglin' he had wi' them to get discoont for cash. It was sune after that he retired frae business an bocht his gran' estate doon by Govan, whar his hethoose grapes an' his wa' fruit were the admiration o' the three counties. I mind he used to be rale sweer't to pairt wi' his jargonelles, though we had aye the free run o' the green aipples, an' mony a dose o' castor-ile we had to tak' after indulgin' owre freely in them.

But I maun show ye hoo little pride he had aboot him. There was auld Bauldie McGuffie, that was betheral at Saint Andrew's. Yer grandfaither was a rulin' elder there, an Bauldie had pit a' his savin's into his haun's. Puir body, he lost a' heart, when he got the shullin' in the pun', an' he had to leave aff wark on accoont o' an income in his leg; it was a' the income he had, forbye auchteenpence a week an' a peck o' aitmeal frae the parish. Weel, when he was fairly bedridden, yer grandfaither used to gang to see him in his ain coach, every Ne'er-day, an' gie him a saxpence wi' his ain haun' to buy sneeshin' wi'. Eh! but he was an honorable an' highminded Scottish merchant o' the auld schule. He lived respeckit, an' died regrettit. Ye see he hit the richt nail on the head, he cam'doon in the nick o' time as ye hae dune. An' ye'll be far mair thocht o' by an' bye when this creesis is owre than ony o' thae fusionless gowks that fecht alang

frae haun' to mooth, tryin' to mak' the twa en's meet, payin' their way, but no layin' onything by for theirsells.

A' that's to be regretted in yer case is, that ye cudna' manage to hae a lot o' liabilities in England, for ye see that wad hae been introducin' English capital into the colony, an' if a man can only dae that, he may break a' the ten commandments ilka day o' his life, withoot bein' the less thoct o'.

To be serious for a wee, Jock. It's awfu' to think that in this sma' community, wi' a population o' less than some London parishes, there shud actiually be mair insolvencies than in the hail kingdom o' Scotland, wi' its population o' three millions. Eh! but it's time oor legislators were daein' something to stay the fell disease o' commercial dishonesty that's eatin' like a canker into the vera heart o' the body politic.

I dinna hesitate to affirm that the operation o' oor Insolvent Laws offers a premium to fraud, an' an inducement to hitherto honest traders to become rogues if ance beset wi' pecuniary difficulties, an' if they're no sune altered we rin muckle risk o' becomin', wi' twa or three exceptions, a nation o' fraudulent bankrupts. Let us hope that the new Government 'll no adopt the "rest and be thankfu'" policy in this case, but 'll prepare at ance to cleanse this Augean stable, sae that an honest man can enjoy his ain withoot bein' robbit accordin' to law.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS McTAVISH.

X.—ANENT PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY AN' ITHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE following extract frae a late American paper I wad recommend to the notice o' the Industrial Protection League:—

“PROTECTION FOR AMERICAN LITERATURE.

“The application of the artists for the imposition of a duty on cheap foreign pictures, has, as we anticipated, created a great stir amongst the small fry of native novelists, historians, and poets, and they are sending on a powerful lobby to get a duty clapped on foreign literature; not on the paper and binding—the publishers are looking after that—but on the thought. They say that, with proper protection, they are confident they can before long furnish as good histories of any period or country, ancient or modern, and as good fictions, sonnets, epics, madrigals, and even conundrums, as any foreign authors—they care not who they be—and they ask Congress to stop Tennyson, Swinburne, Mommsen, Merivale, Grote, George Eliot, and Reade, and others, from taking the bread out of their children's mouth. The free admission of the works of Shakespeare, Virgil, and Dante, Spenser, Chaucer, Livy, and Thucydides, and some other old masters, they say they have no objection to; but as for the herd of their modern imitators, who are now corrupting the taste and morals of the American public, they want to have them rigidly excluded.”—*New York Nation*, Jan. 31.

Noo, I wad ask if they're prepared to gang as far as that? If sae, I'm wi' them; but nae hauf measures for me. Although I'll no yield to mony in pint o' patriotism, still I canna be entirely blin' to ma ain interests; an' haein' a large sma' family to provide for, an' no bein' quite sae young as I ance was, I maun see that ma ain position is to be bettered as weel as ither folks, afore I gang in for protection.

I dinna exac'ly like bringin' ma ain preevat affairs sae prominently afore the public e'e, but there's naething like the *argumentum ad hominem*. Noo we'll say that I'm a man o' a certain age, aiblins in the prime o' life. I'm no quite sae auld as Cobden was, an' accordin' to the *Register* he died in his prime, though on anither occasion, that paper fixed the vera prime o' life at 55. I'm a leeterary man, dependin' pairtly on a sma' annuity an' the savin's o' a frugal, hard-warkin' an' weel-spent life, an' wi' the assistance o' the trifle I earn by ma pen, I can just manage to mak' the twa en's meet, an' gie ma laddies and lasses a gude schulin'. It's no muckle I get frae the Editor o' the *Advertiser* for ma contributions, but sma' as it is, it aye helps to keep the pat bilin'.

Noo, I canna see hoo a' the sympathy o' the League shud be lavished on tailors, shoemakers, Crimea shirtmakers, an' the like, that are employed in ornamentin' the mere ootside o' oor earthly tabernacle, an' entirely denied to us, who are engaged in a far nobler employment, cultivatin' the understandin's an' ministerin' to the mental wants o' oor fellow-colonists. There's no a snab nor a snip in the hail colony that's mair exposed to the competition o' the furriner than we unfortunate men o' letters. The League gies a lang list o' articles that micht be produced here, an' yet are imported, an' heaps o' siller sent awa to pay for them. But hae they ever considered the enormous sums remitted ilka month to pay for the *Home News*, the *Times*, *Public Opinion*, *Punch*, an' ither daily, weekly, an' monthly periodicals without en'. Hoo can ony literary man o' ordinary merit like the maist o' us here, or o' extraordinary merit, like mysel' for instance, hae a chance o' makin' a livelihood, when there's hail cargoes o' raw material thrown on the market by every mail?

I maun say that I gie the sages o' the League muckle credit for their definition o' raw material :—

“1st. Natural products are raw material.

“2nd. All goods (although manufactured articles) which are required by manufacturers to be reproduced in another form for sale, provided always that such goods are of that nature which we cannot as yet make here.”

I wad just remark in passing that there maun hae been a gude supply o' raw material present at the meetin' o' the League that agreed to the above definition.

Weel, I maintain that a' the papers I hae mentioned above, come under the description o' raw material. Tak' the *Home News* for instance. It's no a natural product, I admit, but it's a manufactured article required by manufacturers to be reproduced in anither form for sale. A pair o' scissors, a pat o' paste, manipulation o' types, a dab o' printin' ink, a turn in the machine, an' it appears again in the columns o' oor dailies.

To quote again frae the manifesto o' the League. “The only remedy for this great evil is to place such a duty on those goods which can be made in the colony as will effectually shut out consignments.” Weel, I assert that we hae eneuch o' native talent here to dispense entirely wi' the sangs, tales, plays, an' ither European rubbish that's thrust on us every month. The only thing we'd be like to rin short o' wad be news. True we could manufacture that, but wi' this triflin' inconvenience, it michtna' be quite corre'. So to show that I'm no a bigoted protectionist, but open to reason, I wad be willin' to aloo ae copy o' each o' the leading' journals o' the auld warld to be admitted, free o' duty, for the use o' each o' the daily papers, whilk wad re-manufacture the raw material.

An enormous savin' wad thus be effected. A' the siller that's sent hame the noo for periodicals wad be retained in the colony. The circulation o' the *Advertiser* and *Register* wad be tremendously increased. They wad employ a hantle mair compositors, pressmen, printer's deils, an' sic like. They wad gie them higher wages. Consequently they wad a' marry an' hae large families, an' become better customers to the fairmer; an' there's nae sayin' what the price o' wheat micht rise tae.

Tak' ma ain case again. The Editor wad, frae his greatly increased circulation, an' frae the fac' o' a' the warks o' furrin' authors being excluded, be enabled to dooble or treeble ma pay. I wad be easier in ma circumstances. Instead o' bein' reduced to twa meals in the day, as aften happened last winter when meat was sae dear, I wad aye hae ma three meals daily, an' a bit o' supper besides. In place o' haein' ma cauld kail het again, I wad hae it fresh every day. Sae ye see baith the fairmer an' the market gardener wad benefit, an' I wad even promise that I micht occasionally tak a drap o' colonial whusky—when I had naething better in the hoos'.

I wadna' bide content wi' a high duty on English publications, I wad exclude them a'thegither, wi' the exceptions I hae afore mentioned. Gie us a fair chance as weel as oor neebours the artisans. Nae doot there's "mute inglorious Miltons" an' Shakespeare's amang us the noo that only want the fosterin' care o' Protection to win fame an' fortune for theirsells. I'll guarantee that if we're fairly protected, we'll supply gude halesome intellectual food, quite equal if no superior to the ordinary run o' colonial manufactures, an' for a' tastes.

See what we hae dune already. If ye want novels, there's "Clara Morrison," an' mony mair by the same talented author. If yer taste rins for theological controversies, conducted in a genial, pleasant, gentlemanly style, there's the advertisin' columns o' the dailies. For licht, amusin', an' instructive readin' there's the "Talk on the Flags," an' the letters o' Saunders McTavish; for heavy readin' there's the *Register* leaders; an' if ye gang in for lang-nebbit words wi' muckle soun' an' little sense, I wad commend ye to that ane about J. S. Mill, an' the auld toon o' Saint Andrew's. It maun be a gey kittle article, an' mair than ordinar' obscure, that I canna win through; but heh! Jock, I maun confess that I cudna' mak' head or tail o' that. In sangs, noo, we hae the "Sang o' Australia," "Byegone Days," an' mony mair. In music there's the "Kapunda Schottische" and the "Adelaide Polka;" and in actin' an' singin' there's the Christies, no muckle ahint the originals.

A' that we want is protection. If we gang in leadin' strings for a while, it's only that we may in time lead the warld, and we'll dae't tae.

Man! I hae been rael weel pleased wi' Miss Aitken. It's a divert to hear her gie'n the Caudle lectures. I maist thocht Mrs. McTavish was dinnin' at ma lug. And that bonny wee poem, "The Wonnerfu' Wean," gaed richt to ma heart. It minded me sae muckle o' wee Davie, he was an auld-fashioned bairn, ye ken. An' hooever muckle I admired her English recitations, there's naething like the auld mither tongue; an' its weel kenned that a higher order o' talent is requisite baith for readin' and writin' Scots than English.

If Miss Aitken wadna' be abune takin' a hint frae an

auld man an' a countryman o' her ain, an' wad arrange to hae ae programme mainly made up o' Scottish subjects, I'm thinkin' she wad hae a bumper hoos', an' she wad confer muckle pleasure on mony mair o' her countrywomen an' countrymen forbye.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XI.—ANENT PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY AN' ITHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

THERE's twa main objec's contemplated by the League—the tane being to pit siccan a high duty on imported articles as 'll compel folk to buy colonial productions, and the tither to keep a' the siller possible in the kintra. Noo this latter 'll never be accomplished sae lang as furriners are admitted free o' duty to compete wi' native industry, an' tak' a' the ready money oot o' the colony by enticin' the folk to gang to their exhibitions, whether they be play-actin', dancin', singin', lecturin', exhibitin' o' picters, circus-ridin', mesmerisin', necromancy, or ony o' the ither forms o' evil whereby the muckle enemy is aye gaun aboot devisin' temptation to puir frail humanity. An' its ma ain opinion, Jock, that that chiel, Dr. Carr, has to dae wi' some ane that's no canny, if, indeed, he's no a chip o' the auld ane himsel'. If he had lived in the guid auld times, nae doot he wad hae been ta'en up for a warlock, wi' his cantrips an' his incantations.

It's maist awfu' to think o' the thoosan's o' pun's that gang oot o' this impoverished kintra in a year wi' a' thae

exhibitions, an' for what? Mere win' an' soun', that gang in at the tae lug an' oot at the tither! An' nicht after nicht ye'll see folk that maybe canna pay their butcher, their baker, or their milk-wife--folk that hae jist been through the Coort, that are in't the noo, an' that are jist aboot tae gang through't; an' mony o' them in the reserved seats, tae. Hoo they can afford it is mair than I can tell, but it wad seem that, hooever hard up they may be, they can aye fin' siller for their ain diversion.

It's different wi' me, ye ken, for being connec't with the press, I aye win in for naething, an' ony time I want to tak' the bairns or a wheen freens frae the kintra, I hae jist to drap a note to the Editor, an' he sen's me a hail poochfu' o' tickets. He's rael thochtfu' that way. Sae ye can tell Kirstie to come in ony nicht she likes, an' tak' her choice o' the Toon Ha', White's Rooms, or the Theatre.

I ken' for a fac' that if ye gang into ony kintra toon after the Circus has been there, ye cudna' get change for hauf-a-croon to save yer life. There maun be an alteration made here, an' a firm determination to keep the siller in the colony at a' hazards. "Encourage Colonial Industry," an' "Sooth Australia for Sooth Australians," be the mottoes inscribed on the banners o' the League. I wad entirely prohibit the importation o' ony mair show-folk, wi' maybe twa exceptions. On grounds o' public policy I wad be favorable to admittin' either Miss Aitken or Mr. Gourlay free o' duty, shud they intend payin' us anither visit; for this reason, that although they micht probably tak' awa a gude heap o' oor hard-earned siller wi' them, still the advantage to the public wad be sae great in enablin' the English portion o't to hear their ain language spoken wi' propriety,

an' also o' admirin' the great superiority o' gude Scots; as far mair than to coonterbalance the loss o' oor siller.

It seems to me that we hae, if onything, a superabundance o' lecturin' po'or amang us. There's a wheen lecturers aye gangin' about the kintra enlichtenin' the natives on mony abstruse subjec's, and maist every Friday nicht thae hae a gran' turn oot o' a' the papers and magazines frae the Institute. A sair fash I hae fun't to be whiles when I hae gane doon jist after the mail cam' in to hae a look at the *Scotsman* or "Blackwood." Certainly, if they're no patron-eesed as weel as they shud be, it's no on account o' the price o' admission, whilk is just naething ava if ye're a member, an' a shullin' if ye're no. An' yet folk 'll prefer to gang to the Toon Ha' or elsewhere, an' ware whiles as muckle as five shullin's to hae their e'en or their lugs tickled for twa three hoors by somebody that's cam' frae anither kintra, in place o' listenin' to colonial talent for naething.

I'm no sure that the lecturin' department in this colony hasna' fa'en a wee owre muckle into clerical haun's. I'll yield to nae man in respec' to the claith, an' I aye gang to the kirk on the Sabbath day, an' like to hear a gude sermon or twa, but I wad as sune think o' readin' a gude buke on a week-day, as o' gaun to hear a minister on a week-nicht. I'm thinkin' if he composes an' delivers twa gude sermons weekly, besides attendin' to his ither kirk wark, buryin', marryin', an' christenin', veesitin' the sick, takin' his share in the conduc' o' various religious an' philanthropic societies, lukin' after his wife an' weans, an' takin' that muckle bodily an' mental relaxation as 'll keep him in gude health, he'll no hae muckle time to spare for lecturin'.

It was different in ma young days. Then, if a minister

attended to his ain parish, an' changed whiles wi' a neebour at "the preachin's," he was thocht to hae dune weel. If he had ony mair time on his haun's he wadna' gang aboot lecturin', but wad maybe write a commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, a treatise on Predestination or Effectual Callin', or maybe a bit pamphlet exposin' the errors o' the Unitarians, the Socinians, the Morrisonians, the Campbellites, or Davie Dale's folk.

Hech! things are changed noo. The warld's grown wiser, I suppose; but it's grown sae vera wise that, whenever a body fancies he's got a bit smatterin' o' ony art or science mair than his neebours, he's like a hen on a het griddle till he lets them a' ken; or if he's been on a trip to Herne Bay or Gourock in vacation, he maun gie a lang accoont o' his voyage an' ca't a lecture. Hooever, ilka ane to his taste. I never gang near them mysel', sae I canna tell hoo they acquit theirsells, but some o' the subjec's they chuse seem to be rael daft-like.

Here's twa three lines that were fun' after a lecture on Socrates. Frae the writin' I should judge them to be the production o' ane o' the callants frae the College whase classic ear had maist like been offended by a mispronunciation.

Lines addressed to a Rev. lecturer—

“ When next you lecture, if you please,
Don't call the sage Aristides;
His name you'll find should rhyme to fides;
Then pray pronounce it Aristides.”

To return to the League. If the Protectionists desire the thorough prosperity o' the colony, they shudna' be content wi' imposin' a high duty on furrin products, whilk is after a'

only a hault measure. Let them follow the example o' that enlightened despot Dr. Francia, umquwhile Dictator in Paraguay, an' prohibit a' importation whatever, exceptin' bullion, for sax years at least. That wad set us on oor legs again. Supposin' a' the colonists becam' producers, an' that oor exports averaged three millions annually, that wad mak' auchteen millions we'd hae in hard cash in the sax years. Nae immigration wad be permitted durin' a' that time; but allooin' a mair than ordinar' margin for natural increase, owin' to employment bein' abundant an' wages gude, we nicht hae a population o' twa hunner thoosan' to divide it amang. That wad mak' ninety pun' the piece, infants in arms included, besides what we hae gotten already. An' if it was made felony to sen' only siller oot o' the kintra ava', durin' that period, nane o' us wad need to pay oor hame debts, for the Statute o' Limitations wad step cannily in an' wipe them a' oot. Nae doot we wad be pit to some slight inconvenience, bein' deprived o' oor sugar, an' oor tea, an' some ither sma' comforts we hae been used tae, but we'd sune get owre that, an' arts an' manufactures wad flourish to a degree quite unprecedented, mair than the League in its wildest fichts o' imagination ever dreamed o'. In fac', if this policy was pursued by oorsells an' oor descendants for twa three hunner years, this kintra wad become the depository o' the precious metals o' the hail warld.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XII.—ANENT THINGS IN GENERAL.

THIS letter 'll mak' num'er twall' o' the series, an' I'm sure when I began, Jock, I had nae idea o' writin' ye mair nor three or four; bit ha'ein' got a wee ayont that, I thocht I micht as weel complete the dizzen. I un'erstaun' that there's different ideas abroad about the identity o' Saunders McTavish. Some folk think there's nae sic man ava, but that ae chiel first writes the letters in English, an' a tither ane translates them into Scots. Ye ken fine, Jock, that's no the gate o't, but that they're first written in gude braid Scots, an' then eneuch o' English words introduced as 'll bring them doon to the level o' the ordinary English mind. An' this is the hardest job o' a', no to spile the beauty o' the original; for there's mony expressive idioms an' bonny turns o' speech that it's difficult an' almost impossible to render in English. Hooever, I hae dune ma best, though it's cost me mony tins o' kerosine, burnin' "the midnight ile," ye ken, an' mony gallons o' whusky consumed in anither fashion afore I got them licked into shape.

Folk may think it an easy maitter to write a Scots letter—I mean ane that's worth readin'. Let them try't. I ken't ane o' the best English and classical scholars, but whase edication in regard o' the Scots language had been fearfully neglec't, wha ance tried to write me a letter in Scots. Weel, he got as far as "Dear Saunders—Hoo's a' wi' ye," an' there he stuck, an' had to descend to English to express the lave o' his ideas.

Weel, I hae fun' ma health sae muckle impaired o' late, that I maun seek change o' scene, sae I'm gaun to tak' a bit

o' a tower in ane o' the ither colonies for a while. Ye need na' expect' to see ma name in the passenger list though; for if it appeared there, there wad be sic an ovation when I reached Melbourne an' Sydney as wad, I fear, prove owre muckle for ma shattered nerves, sae I'm gaun to travel incog., like some o' the crooned heads o' Europe. There'll be a fine chance noo for ony o' the Protectionists, lecturers, insolvents, or ither wha may hae been offended by ony remarks I may hae made, to reply to them. For I'll be awa afore this is in prent, an' I wadna be able to answer them, for a gude while at ony rate.

We had a grand review on the Queen's Birthday, an' a maist awfu' lot o' spectators turned oot. It was a bonny day owre-head, but underfit it was raither wat an' muddy. The cavalry looked rale weel, they're a braw buirdly set o' chieles, an' weel mounted tae, an' certainly it maun hae been at a great sacrifice o' time that the twa kintra troops cam sae far frae hame. The hail o' the volunteers deserve the thanks o' the kintra, an' a' the encouragement the Government an' people can gie them.

The Scots Company hae got their kilts at last; an' brawly do they look. Their legs are a wee owre white hooever, an' if I nicht be aloo't a suggestion, I think it wadna' be a bad plan to pent them broon, to gie them the appearance o' veteran troops. I'm jist auld enouch to remember the volunteers o' former days afore the fall of Napoleon, an' when I saw ma gallant young countrymen clad in the garb o' auld Gaul, it revived a' the martial ardour o' ma youth, an' if it hadna' been for a touch o' the rheumatics that reminded me o' ma age, I verily believe I wad hae charged doon the hill to jine them. I was never mair impressed wi' the truth o' the

sayin' o' oor schule laddies, that ae Englishman can lick three Frenchies, but ae Scotsman can lick three Englishers. Ha! ha! lads, I thocht to mysel', there's some o' the stuff ye had to contend wi' at Bannockburn; an' that it hadna' deteriorated sin' syne there was ample proof, for there wasna' ane o' them less than five feet twa in his shoon, an' stoot in proportion.

Ye hae been tellin' me Kirstie's wantin' to get into gude society noo, on accoont o' her lasses growin' up, an' she's fear't that yer hae'in been through the Coort sae lately nicht militate against yer admission into the charmed circle o' the upper ten thoosan'. She needna' be fear't, for I'm tell't by a high authority that that fac' 'll tell greatly in yer favour, the mair especially as ye hae managed sae weel as to be a gey an' rich man noo, and they're aye anxious to mak' freens wi' "the mammon o' unrighteousness." I hae aften heard it argued what were the qualifications maist required to gain admission into gude society here, whether it was birth, beauty, sense, or siller. I'm tell't noo that it's birth that's maist thocht o', and that a body whase pedigree gangs back as far as his great-granfaither taks the vera highest place. Even ane that can speak o' his granfaither is looked upon as being o' lang descent.

Noo, Jock, ye can trace yer ancestry nearly as far back as I can mine, an' I'll yield to nane in that respect, here nor in Europe. Mind ye, I dinna believe in ony o' thae nonsensical lang pedigrees claimed by some families, sic, for instance, as haein' an ark o' yere ain at the time o' the Flood, on accoont o' no being on speakin' terms wi' Noah; o' being the first to recognise Adam an' Eve in society after their bit mishap in the Garden o' Eden; or o' haein' been Coroner on the

inquest that was held owre the body o' Abel. Na, na, I believe in nane o' thae claivers; an' if I was to tell sic' stories as that I wad expec' to lose, or at least to endanger, ma' character for veracity, for it staun's to reason that nae registers o' births an' marriages cud hae survived sic' an event as the Flood, forbye a' the ither changes an' mutations o' empires an' sic' like that hae been gangin' on since.

We dinna gang back to antediluvian or even pre-historic times, but we hae authentic documents in the family provin' beyond a doot that at the time o' the Trojan war the McTavish o' that ilk was ane o' the largest landed proprietors in Scotland, an' had a bigger followin' o' bare-legged gillies than any ither chief o' a clan, an' that he formed an alliance offensive an' defensive wi' Brute the son o' Eneas, when he landed in the sooth part o' the island. We hae a regular list o' the McTavish succession frae that date. We lost the maist o' oor lowland property at the time o' the invasion o' Severus, but kept up oor po'or an' influence in the Hielands up till the usurpation o' William the Third. We were staunch an' loyal adherents o' the Stuarts, an' were oot in the aughty-nine, the fifteen, an' the forty-five, an' spilt our blude like water, baith on the field an' on the scaffold, an' when the last McTavish o' that ilk escaped frae the slaughter at Preston to follow his Royal Master to the Continent, successive confiscations hadna' left him a rood o' land whaur his forbears had owned coonties. Ah! lad, if Charlie had had his ain, it's no writtin' letters for the "Adverteeser" that auld Saunders wad hae been daein' the noo!

Afore closin' ma last letter, I wad wish a kindly guid-bye to ma ain countrymen, wha hae, I believe, for the maist

pairt appreciated ma humble efforts to entertain them in these dull times; an' as for oor brithers, the English, I hope that ony bits o' jokes I may hae made aboot them hae been ta'en in the same spirit they were gi'en in. We cudna a' be born north o' the Tweed, an' though there's nae doot that if they had had ony say in the maitter they wad hae preferred it, still it was a physical impossibility, an' we maun look on't as their misfortune, an' no their faut, that they werena'. As the auld sayin' is, "We're a' John Thompson's bairns"—and sae "Gude nicht, an' joy be wi' ye a'."

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XIII.—ANENT THE DUKE O' EMBRO'.

It's an unco like thing, Jock, that although the Duke o' Embro' 's comin' to see us sae sune, naething's been dune yet by the Scots to ha'e a special an' national demonstration in his honor. I'm sure if it had been the Earl o' Dublin that had been comin', oor Eirish fellow-colonists wad ha'e been up and daein' lang ere this.

Even the Germans ye see, the phlegmatic Germans as they're sometimes ca't, are gaun to ha'e a torchlight procession, an' a' because he's heir to ane o' their bits o' Duchies that a gude jumper could gang clean owre wi' a hap, step, an' loup! An' yet, though he tak's his title frae the capital o' Caledonia, auld Dunedin, there's no' as muckle spak' o' as even inveetin' him to tak' a drap kail an' a slice o' haggis,

wi' a taste o' the mountain dew along wi' the natives o' the land o' the mountain an' the flood.

Is the St. Andrew's Society a'thegither defunct, think ye? or could it no be revived for the occasion? Let the Hieland Company tak' tent o' this.

Ye'll hae heard tell o' hoo the Reception Committee has already decided what leddies the Prince is to dance wi' at the gran' Ba' in the Toun Ha'. I hope they ha'e borne in mind that as he's but a young man, he'll naturally prefer to ha'e young lasses for partners. An' as we're a' to be on oor metal to show him the best o' the produce o' the kintra, in the way o' wheat, fruits, flo'ors, cattle, an' sic like, it behooves them to provide him wi' the best o' partners.

To ma thinkin' they cudna dae better to begin wi' than to mate him wi' a bonny Sooth Australian bit lassie aboot "sweet seventeen," or thereabouts. Syne let him dance alternately wi' an English, Scotch, Irish, and German lassie, sae as to ac' fair to a' the nationalities. After that, I wad leave him to his ain devices, an' if he preferred dancin' wi' an auld leddy occasionally, by way o' a change, he might please himsel'.

Eh! but there's been an awfu' stramash aboot whaur the landin's to be, an' hoo it's to en' is mair nor I can tell. I can sae this muckle o't, its brak' mony frien'ships o' lang standin' already.

It was na' sic' a bad suggestion o' the Mount Gambier folk, that the Duke should land at MacDonnell Bay. But I hae heard o' a plan that I think bates that.

I was talkin' the tither day to twa auld farrant chieks that bide at Glenelg, an' I expec'it to fin' that they were fidgin' fain to hae the Duke land at their ain doors, but says

the 'tane when I askit him, "Maun, Saunders," says he, "afore I'd see ony mair o' this quarrelin' an' ill-feelin', I'd cheerfully gie a pun' sterlin';" no a pun' Scots, ye'll mind, but a pun' sterlin', "oot o' ma ain pooch, if he wadna' land ava." "Weel-a-weel," says the tither, "an' I'd gie twa to the back o' 't." An' after considerin' for a bit, I made up ma mind that I wad gie ten shullin's.

Noo, I wad beg to remark to the Port Committee that here's the nucleus o' a fun' that micht be raised to present to His Royal Highness, on condition that he wadna' land ava, if no at the Port. There's nae doot that mony sensible men in the province wad subscribe to it, to prevent the scandal o' the veeit o' the Prince bein' made a cause o' strife, an' the Government, dootless, wi' their usual liberality, wad supplement the amount.

The Port Committee, to show they bore nae malice, an' were willin' to let bygones be bygones, micht charter a' the Glenelg shippin', consistin' o' the fine steamer "Enterprise," an' a wheen fishin' boats. Let the member for the Port histe his flag as Commodore o' the fleet on board the steamer, takin' the boats in tow, an' mak' the best o' his way to Kangaroo Island, there to await the arrival o' the Galatea. Oot o' compliment to the Duke's bearin' a Scots title, the Mayor o' Kensington an' a wheen o' his Hielanders micht gang to present an address, alang wi' the sum o' money subscribed, whilk wad show oor loyalty.

The address micht rin something in this fashion:—That, till we heard o' the expected arrival o' His Royal Highness, we had been a happy, contented, and united people. That we had naething to vex or trouble us, excep' may be twa three trifles no worth mentionin', sic as droughts, Goyder's

valuations, general insolvency, a failin' revenue, disorganization in a' the Government depairtments, nae wark for the laborers, the Destitute an' Lunatic Asylums croodit to the doors, an' sic like; but that, wi' thae sma' exceptions, we were ane o' the happiest an' maist prosperous people under the sun. That as soon as the question was raised as to whaur His Royal Highness was to land, it had set us a' thegither by the ears, an' that we were fear't that as we had nearly cam to paiks owre that maitter, there wud be nae en' to the troubles an' jealousies that wad arise after he did land. Sae we humbly requested him to accep' o' the sma' trifle we had brocht him to spen' on his ain diversion in Melbourne an' Sydney, an' leave us to oor ain devices, for we werena' worthy o' him settin' his Royal fit on oor shores.

Tak' ma word, Jock, the Duke wad be only too glad to get oot o' the needcessity o' landin' here ava. There's nae doot we grow the best o' wheat, an' that appears to me to be oor chief claim to distinction, an' it's no ane that's likely to be o' muckle interest to a Royal sailor. Though we mak' ever sic strenuous efforts to ootrival Melbourne an' appear bigger than we are, it'll be only anither illustration o' the auld fable o' the ox an' the puddock, an' 'll maist likely en' in the same fashion.

Supposin' this plan doesna' meet the views o' the Port folk, they hae anither chance yet. When the subjec's first mentioned to the Duke, he'll naturally say, "What does The McTavish think? I'll be guided by him." Noo, I hereby gie the Port Committee full authority to say, that The McTavish is strongly o' opinion that the landin' should be at the Semaphore, an' the thing's settled at ance.

Nae doot this'll be a disappointment to the leddies that

hae engaged seats on the Glenelg Jetty, but that canna be helpit, an they'll get a distant view o' the Galatea gaun up the Gulf to console them.

As for the triumphal arches, it'll be a comfort to think that they ha'e gi'en wark to some o' the puir folk that micht otherwise ha'e been hangin' maybe aboot Victoria-square, refusin' sax-an'-saxpence a day.

I hear ye're gaun ta tak' Kirsty an' the twa eldest lasses to the Ba'. Nae doot the tickets are high, but as ye've been through the Coort sae lately, ye can afford it better than mony honest folk.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

Post Scriptum.—I had closed ma letter afore I saw that a decent Hieland lad ca't McHamish had tane up the same question. He proposes that a' the Scots shud wear the kilt. It's a gude idea, an' I hope may be generally adopted. Auld age an' rheumatics, hooever, maun be ma excuse for keepin' to the Saxon style. It's a bonny dress though, an' was aye a favourite wi' a' the young Princes. It's maist like the Duke has twa three suits wi' him.—S. MCT.

KIV.—ANENT THE ILLUMINATIONS, A NEW LAND BILL, AN' ITHIER THINGS IN GENERAL.

I DINNA ken whither ye hae seen the list o' the contrac's accepted "for supplying and fixing gas pipes and devices for

illuminating the Government Buildings." In case ye ha'ena', I'll gi'e ye the list:—

Government House,	-	-	-	-	£251	7	6
Post-Office,	-	-	-	-	165	16	8
Government Offices,	-	-	-	-	400	0	0
Telegraph Offices,	-	-	-	-	121	0	0
South Australian Institute,	-	-	-	-	315	0	0
New Police Station,	-	-	-	-	105	0	0
House of Assembly,	-	-	-	-	294	0	0
Supreme Court,	-	-	-	-	206	0	0
South Australian Railway,	-	-	-	-	72	10	0
Hospital,	-	-	-	-	17	10	0

£1948 4 2

Mind ye, that's no for supplyin' the gas, whilk will nae doot cost anither thoosan' or twa. An' what's it a' for? Apparently to do honor to a youth, wha' in a' human probability 'll never get a squint at ae haulf o't, an' if he does, will ha'e seen far superior illuminations in ony fourth-rate provincial toon at hame.

Man! they ha'e pipes ga'en up the Institute big eneuch to bring in water frae the Reservoir. It's eneuch to gar ye scunner to see the big, muckle, clumsy things.

It's unco true that Australia's a lan' o' contradictions. Here's folk sayin' they ha'ena' eneuch to eat, an' mutton sellin' at a shullin' the quarter; here's folk sayin' they ha'ena' eneuch to eat, an' yet refusin' sax-an'-saxpence a day; here's folk sayin' they ha'ena' eneuch to eat, an' an insolvent Government, wi' a deficit, requirin' sax figures to express it, squanderin' twa thoosan' pun's in gas pipes!

O' a' the wicked an' wanton wastes o' the public siller, this has been the warst, sin' the buildin' o' the Glenelg Jetty,

an' hoo the kintra folk can stand it is mair than I can tell. Verily, they're like unto Issachar, an ass stoopin' under twa burdens.

There's some folk aye castin' up to the Ministry that they ha'ena' proper talents for Government, on account o' sae mony o' them ha'ein' been shop-keepers an' sic like; but, heh, Jock! if they war o' the vera bluest blood o' the Norman aristocracy, if they could even trace their ancestry hauf as far back as The McTavish, they cudna ha'e shown mair recklessness in spendin' siller that's no their ain than they ha'e dune.

An' mind ye, it's a' to be spent on North-terrace an' King William-street; no ae farden to illuminate the Slaughter-hoose, the Jail, or the Stockade, in case the puir bodies o' Hindmarsh and the Dry Creek micht ha'e a share o' the show.

It's a queer coincidence that the head o' the Government that's spendin' sae muckle siller in gas, suld be head o' the Gas Company as weel; but there's nae accoontin' for things in this vale o' tears.

I maun say that little as I approved o' the doin's o' the last Government, I like this ane still less. The fairmers ha'e the remedy in their ain haun's. Let them pit in a wheen o' theirsells at the next election, an' stop a' sic menseless extravagance.

I'm unco prood to see that Alick Hay has ta'en up the land question. It cudna' be in better haun's, an' I hope the fairmers 'll support him.

It's a' vera fine for the Government to try an' shut their een to the fac' that there's an exodus, no merely o' the unemployed, that ha'e been deluded here under false pretences

—I refer especially to the miners, but also o' auld resident an' weel-to-do fairmers, Germans though they be. As ha'ein' maybe a gude share o' the halesome prejudices o' the Celt, I dinna muckle lippen to the Teutons, but candour gars me confess that they ha'e been valuable colonists, an' though I never demeaned mysel' to learn their lingo, I ha'e met wi' some that werena' a' thegither devoid o' understandin', an' cud haud a decent crack in English, though they werna' capable o' risin' to braid Scots.

The Government may ha'e been anxious to learn if mony o' them were actiwallly leavin' us, but I never heard that they enquired at the natural toll-gates o' the province. I'll tell ye what I ha'e seen regardin' this matter, I ha'e seen the road to Wentworth sae cut up by the tracks o' the German waggons leaving the colony, that the mail driver had aften to tak' a fresh track through the scrub. I ha'e seen five or sax waggons, wi' hail families fra the Rhine an' thereaboot, cross the Darlin' in ae day on their way to Albury. An' I ha'e ascertained frae an official in the New Sooth Wales Government service, that o' the great numbers wha had already crossed, mony o' them, besides their usually gude travellin' appointments, had a gey an' heavy bag o' sovereigns wi' them.

An' this exodus 'll continue till maist folk that ha'e siller to invest in lan', wi' the idea o' fairmin' the same, ha'e gane aff to whaur they can get lan' at a pun' an acre.

Then what gude 'll the land agents be to Sooth Australia, when they ha'e killed the guse that laid the gowden eggs? Will they pay the debts incurred by previous Governments, no to speak o' them the present ane's rinnin' up sae fast for gas-fittings an' ither whigmaleeries?

See then that ye an' yer brither fairmers do a' ye can to support Hay's proposed Lan' Bill. There's nae breach o' faith to previous purchasers, as far as I can see, involved in fixin' the price at a pun' the acre, wi' five shullin's doon, an' deferred payments for the lave o't. But there's an unco grievous breach o' faith to a' immigrants, whether they cam' oot at their ain expense or the Government's, when they're prevented buyin' land ava, withoot rinnin' the gauntlet o' sic a combination in the auction-room as wad cause a blush among the frequenters o' a Lunnon "knock out."

Ye wad observe dootless wi' some surprise that the name o' The McTavish didna figure in the lang list o' three or four hunner names on the Reception Committee. Hoo the framers o' that list are to explain the omission to His Royal Highness on his arrival is their affair. It's like they'll try and invent some plausible excuse.

I'm abune takin' offence though, an' I'm as anxious that a' things shud gang richt as ony o' the three or four hunner can be. I wad like to ask the Committee if they hae decided wha's to be the Duke's partner in dancin' the Hielan' Fling. It was aye danced at the Coort Ba's I used to attend "in my hot youth, when George the Third was King," an ma grand-nieces, the Misses McTavish, write me it's as great a favorite as ever.

It wad be an unpardonable slicht on a Scots Prince to omit it at the grand Ba'. Sae in case the Committee hae forgotten it, I hope they'll tak' this hint in gude pairt. I'll yield to nae man in acquaintance wi' a' the intricacies o' this bonny dance, an will hae muckle pleasure in attendin' at the Committee Room on any Saturday afternoon to pit the led-

dies that hae been selec'it through their steps, for a sma' consideration.

I hae nae gas pipes to erect, nor horses to sell, but I wad like to hae a share o' what was ga'en oot o' the Government purse as weel as ma neebours.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XV.—ANENT THE GAS PIPES, THE NEST EGG, AN'
ITHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

I'm tell't that some o' the folk in yer neeborhood fancy that I maun hae invented the figures I gied ye in ma last. No that they doot ma veracity. Hech! that's owre weel established to be ca't in question. Still they canna' bring their minds to believe that ony men ca'd to sic a high station as the members o' the Government, an' held in a certain kin' o' respec', cud be guilty o' sic wasterfu' prodigality, at the vera time that they're refusin' daily to execute necessary public warks in the kintra districts, on the grun' o' want o' funds. Sae they conclude that I maun hae been writin' in a kin' o' allegory or parable.

It's owre true though, Jock, an' it's nae parable, as the kintra 'll fin' oot by-an'-bye, an' if ye'll turn to the papers o' the 2nd inst., ye'll fin' a' the amoonts, an' forbye that, the names o' the five lucky tenderers as weel.

It's gey an' queer, that seein' a' oor contrac's are supposed to be gi'en to the lowest tenderer, that five different chieils shud a' happen to tender lowest for twa oot o' ten different

warks. In fac' it is, to use ane o' Dundreary's expressions, "ane o' thae things that nae fellow can un'erstan'."

Wi' a' the profligate expenditure o' the Government, it's easy to see they hae nae sympathy wi' men o' letters, nor ony desire to encourage native talent. It's vexin' to a literary man wi' a lairge sma' faimly, to see sae muckle siller gaen aboot, an' a body no ha'ein' a chance to finger a bodle o't. Noo, if they were to offer a prize for the best conundrum on the Duke's arrival, it wad be something wise-like, or for an ode to be addressed to H.R.H. by the Mayor o' Glenelg, or the Mayor o' Port Adelaide, accordin' as he landed on the Glenelg or the Semaphore Jetty. There wad need to be a difference atween the twa, ye ken, for if there was a north win' blowin', an' the Duke was landin' at Glenelg, it wad be needfu' whilst he was haudin' his pocket napkin to his nose to introduce some neat allusion to the creek, to the effec' that though the smell wasna' pleasant, it was aye reckoned to be unco wholesome.

The Ministry micht dae waur than offer a prize for the best essay, to prove that they had dune richt in spen'in' sic' an unco heap o' siller on the Duke's reception, in the present impoverished condition o' the colony. If they were to offer a prize o' say twa or three hun'er pun's, an' gie me a private hint through ane o' their understrappers that the essay wi' the initials o' S. McT. wad be the winner, I micht be induced to tak' a vera different view o' their conduc'.

I hae aye agreed wi' the truth o' the axiom, that "every patriot has his price," an' I dinna pretend to be a bit better than ma neebors. I dinna doot that the fortunate contractors for the gas pipes 'll receive their orders on the Treasury for four or five hun'er pun's the piece wi' smilin' coontenances;

that they'll be brimfu' o' loyalty an' patriotism, an' rejoice in the conviction that while they hae ser'd their kintra in their day an' generation, they hae dune a gude turn to theirsell's as weel.

The neist question to arise will be—Wha's to pay for a' this extravagance? When a' the items come to be lumpit thegither, it'll no be muckle less than thirty thoosan' pun's, I'm thinkin'.

In days gane by, naething wad hae been easier than to hae gane oot into the highway an' killed a squatter or twa, an' the required sum wad hae been forthcoming at ance. The practice o' "squatticide," if I may be alloo't to coin a word, has, hooever, been carried on to sic an extent that maist o' the squatters that haena' been killed ootricht hae been scotch't, an' wad be hardly worth the killin'. In twa three year's mair, if the seasons are gude, the practice may come into vogue again, but it's no jist feasible the noo.

Weel, then, we hae the Lunnon Stock Exchange to apply to. We'll suppose the Government gang there in something like the followin' fashion:—"If ye hae gotten sic a thing as thirty thoosan' pun's aboot ye, we'll be muckle obleeged to ye for't, for we jist hae got rid o' that amount in receiving the Duke o' Embro'. It's been a' spent in reproductive public warks, sic as gas, gas pipes, triumphal arches, horses, carriages, awnin's, bonfires, poother, fireworks, an' the like; an' as mony is gaen a beggin' the noo at twa per cent., an' we're offerin' sax, we'll expec' a sma' premium as weel."

An' what kin' a reply do ye think they'll get frae the Stock Exchange?

"Hech! ye're no blate to come here wi' sic a tale. Ye hae spent, nominally, to do honor to the Duke o' Embro',

but in reality for yer ain glorification nearly as muckle as the city o' Lunnon did in entertainin' the Prince and Princess o' Wales wi' a' the foreign ambassadors besides. They're the richest corporation in the warld, an' can afford it. Ye're owre heed an' ears in debt, wi' a failin' revenue an' a diminishin' population. An' accordin' to what we hear frae a respected correspondent across the water o' the name o' McTavish, even the clumsy illuminations ye paid sae muckle for did ye nae credit; for the gas a' gaed oot at the maist critical time, simply because ye made them on owre big a scale for the powers o' the gas warks, leavin' yer big muckle pipes disfigurin' yer public buildin's, an' mak'in' ye a laughin' stock like Robinson Crusoe wi' his big boat, or the Vicar o' Wakefield an' his muckle picter. (*N.B.*—This is a prophecy.) Be aff wi' ye; ye'll get nae siller here. We'd rather len't to Sooth American mines, the Pope, the Sultan, or the Emperor o' Morocco than to an Anglo-Saxon community that's sae misgoverned."

As there's no muckle chance o' gettin' the siller there, they'll be driven to their last resource, an' that's the braw nest-egg the Treasurer fun' the tither day at Dunrobin, an' made sic a crawin' an' cracklin' owre. The egg that he was gaen to eat spunefu' by spunefu', and yet hatch it as weel, an' bring up sic a stock o' poultry as wad keep us a' an' pay a' oor debts forbye.

This egg consisted, in the first instance, o' three hun'er thoosan' pun's. A hun'er an' seventy thoosan' o' that's dis-coonted already to mak' up last year's deficit. This year's deficit 'll be aboot anither hun'er thoosan', an' if we add to thae twa sums the thirty thoosan' for the Duke, lo! an' behold! it appears there's naethin' left o' the egg but the shell,

an' that if the egg ever existed ava, whilk is open to doot, the Treasurer maun hae fund it in a mare's nest.

Man, I ance had a high opinion o' the talents o' the present Treasurer. When he took aff the *ad valorem* duties, I looked on him as a heaven-born Minister, an' if he had stuck to that course, he might hae killed squatters till he was satiated wi' slaughter, an' fun' nest eggs an' sat on them till he was tired, an' they were either hatched or addled, wi' nae animadversion frae me.

It's melancholy to think that the vera man wha but a few years sin syne, had the sagacity to foresee the benefits to the kintra o' free trade, an' the courage to initiate the system in spite o' muckle ignorant opposition, shud noo assist in squanderin' twa thoosan' pun's in gas pipes, an' attempt to prove to an assembly, supposed to contain the cream o' the intelligence o' the kintra, the untenable proposition, that ye can baith eat yer cake an' hae it.

I can but say wi' Ophelia, "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," an' anticipate therefrom the approachin' doonfa' o' the Ministry, for "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*"

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XVI.—ANENT THE MEXICANS, RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT, AN' ITHIR THINGS IN GENERAL.'

I CANNA' sae that I hae as muckle sympathy for the late Emperor o' Mexico as maist folk appear to hae. Nae doot his fate was a melancholy ane, but he provoked it himsel'.

What business had he in Mexico ava? It's surprisin' hoo the brither o' the Kaiser, standin', as he did, sae near the Austrian throne, shud hae thoct it ony promotion to become Emperor o' sic a set o' ragamuffin cut-throats as the Mexicans. Still sae it was; he enjoy't the purple, if ye can ca't enjoyment, for twa three years, an' as soon as the French bayonets were withdrawn, his Empire collapsed like a hoos' o' cards.

In justice to the Mexicans, it maun be borne in mind that Maximilian was a foreigner and a usurper, an' that rogues, thieves, an' vagabonds as they are, they hae shown ae savage virtue—hatred o' foreign domination. Besides, the Emperor received but the same measure he meted oot to ithers. He shot in cauld blude the generals o' what he ca't "the insurgent army," when he caught them, and when *he* fell into *their* hands, they shot *him*.

Hoover, I hae something else to dae than frame excuses for the Mexicans, an' I refer to the subjee' mainly to mak' a few remarks on the beautifu' system o' Responsible Government in operation in Mexico. Would that we had something like it here!

There's a simplicity an' efficacy aboot the Mexican system, that commends it highly to ma mind. Nane o' yer dilly-dallyin', shilly-shallyin'; honorable gentlemen placin' their resignations in His Excellency's haun's; His Excellency maybe declinin' to accep' them, or askin' them to

reconsider their determination, an' sic' like. Na, na, they manage matters better there. When the head o' the Opposition gets into po'or, he shoots his predecessor, if he hasna' the luck to mak' his escape. It's an understood thing, an' gentlemen wha undertake politics as a profession ken' what they hae to expect. Even puir auld Santa Anna, who has had sae mony ups and doons, and was aften lucky eneuch to get aff by giein' leg bail, has been caught an' shot at last, when about the age o' seeventy.

It strengthens a new Government greatly gettin' rid o' the Opposition. Ye see they can gi'e ye nae mair trouble after they're dead an' buried. They canna' harass ye wi' motions o' want o' confidence, or expose ony bits o' nepotism ye hae indulged, or intend indulgin' in. They canna try to create bickerin's an' dissensions in the Cabinet itsel', an' attemp' to seduce ae colleague frae the ither.

It wad be a braw day for Sooth Australia, Jock, if the Mexican system o' Responsible Government were introduced here. If as sune as a Ministry resigned they were quietly led oot by the orders o' their successors in front o' the armoury, an' there made targets o' by the awkward squad o' the volunteers, they wad ac' as frichtfu' examples to future politicians, an' vera likely dae mair service to their kintra by their death than they had ever dune in their lifetime.

There wad be a propriety tae, no unmixed wi' a slight touch o' pathos in a Minister, when referrin' to the acts o' his predecessors, speakin' o' them as the *late* Chief Secretary, the *late* Treasurer, an' sae on; an' as we're aye inclined to tak' a lenient view o' the failin's o' them that are gane, their memories wadna' be held in sic' detestation as if they had been aloo't to live.

There's mony mair advantages that wad arise frae this system. There wadna' be sae muckle office seekin'; there wadna' be sae mony crises. We wadna' see the unseemly spectacle o' folk jumpin' on an' aff the Treasury benches, noo wi' ae set o' colleagues, noo wi' anither; an' sittin' occasionally side by side wi' the vera men that they hae been abusin' like pickpockets, an' ca'in' everything that was bad.

There wad be anither, an' that perhaps no the least o' the advantages, to be derived by this change o' system. It cud be proved to a certainty whilk Government it was that was responsible for ony particular act. That's impossible the noo, for there's sae mony whirligig changes that ye can never tell wha did onything. Ye may think that it was a particular Government, but maybe there's been some slight alteration in its personnel, the late Commissioner o' Red Tape is maybe Commissioner o' Sealin' Wax noo, an' though every individual member is the same, still it's a different Government. "An' we canna' of course, gentlemen, be responsible for the acts o' oor predecessors."

The fac' is, naeboddy's responsible, nor ever has been responsible since the easily-gulled and lang-suffering public o' Sooth Australia first hugged themselves in the belief that they lived under Responsible Government.

A Ministry may mak' ducks an' drakes o' the public money, spend it on a' manner o' absurdities; they may engage incompetent officers, dismiss unjustly and by underhand means auld public servants, flood the colony wi' pauperism by recklessly introducin' hosts o' immigrants at unsuitable seasons, an' at the same time keepin' back public warks, an' play auld gooseberry generally wi' the credit an' resources o' the kintra, an' whaur's their responsibility?

I maun leave that question to be answered anither time, for I hae two three words to say anent a chiel o' the name o' "C. B.," wha has ta'en on himsel' to fin' fau't wi' ma Latin.

Noo ye ken, Jock, that amang the manifold virtues that I'm kent to possess, it's been aye reckoned that meekness was the maist remarkable, an' that noo in my auld age it has attained to a conspicuous pre-eminence. Moses was thocht to ha'e a gude share o' that quality, but even he was a thrawn camstairy birkie compared wi' Auld Saunders. I wad pit up wi' ony amoont o' correction wi' submission an' even wi' thankfulness, provided always that I was satisfied ma corrector was richt.

Noo, I haena' that conviction in the present case. I maintain that "*Quem Deus vult*" is perfec'ly correc', an' that naebody but a man imbued wi' the quintessence o' pedantry wad hae ca'd it in question.

I hae nae means at haun' o' verifyin' whether Athenagoras said "*Quem Jupiter vult*," but if he did, a' I can say is, that it didna' say muckle for his taste to prefer "*Jupiter*" to "*Deus*," seein' that the words are nearly synonyms, an' that the latter is by far the mair harmonious o' the twa. But admittin' for the sake o' argument that he did, it's naething to the purpose. I didna' quote Athenagoras, but an auld Latin proverb that has cam' frae the lips o' thoosan's, baith afore an' since his time.

I ken, Jock, that ye haena' muckle acquaintance wi' the classics noo; still, ye're a man no destitute o' intelligence, an' yer mind's capable o' comprehendin' a plain kin' o' illustration. Supposin' that twa thoosan' years hence, when English is a dead language, an' the knowledge o' the Scots'

tongue is confined to a wheen o' the mair learned professors at the Universities, some future Saunders McTavish, in commentin' on the proceedings o' a future Responsible Government, may hae occasion to quote an auld Scots' proverb, sic, for instance, as "a wilfu' man maun hae his way," when up may start some pragmatikal "C. B." o' the period, wi' the objection that an auld dominie wha had flourished in the nineteenth century had translated that proverb into English, an' rendered it "A wilfu' individual maun hae his way;" an' that maun be the correc' reading, a' use and wont to the contrary notwithstanding.

That's about the sum an' substance o' "C. B.'s" sae-ca't-correction, an' it pits me in min' o' anither proverb maybe no a'thegither inappropriate, "*Quem Deus odit pædagogum facit.*"

I'm no sure wha said that first, but a man o' "C. B.'s" erudition 'll be sure to ken.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XVII.—ANENT RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT, GOUGE'S FOUNTAIN, AN' I'THER THINGS IN GENERAL.

I ASKIT ye in ma last, whaur was the Ministerial responsibility, an' ye admit that there's nane; that exceptin' loss o' office, a spendthrift Ministry are liable to nae punishment ava. An' when they do resign they're no a haet waur aff than when they took office, but a hantle better, seein' that

they hae drawn their salaries regularly, enjoy't the title o' Honorable, an' had the satisfaction o' squanderin' heaps o' siller that didna belang to them, the whilk is calculated to afford a higher an' purer gratification than spendin' their ain. As for responsibility, it's a mockery, a delusion, an' a snare.

If I had ma way o't, I'd mak' Ministers pay up oot o' their ain pooches a' the siller they misspend. I'd sell them up by public roup to raise the needfu', an' if a' their gear wadna' fetch eneuch, I'd pit them in the Stockade for a year or twa to fin' oot, by experience, whether a yard o' stane is eneuch for an able-bodied man to crack in the day, by way o' punishment an' no by way o' relaxation.

That's always provided that the Mexican plan, pure an' simple, is no introduced.

Ye see under oor present system, even when a Government, overwhelmed by a tide o' popular indignation, does resign, afore ye can say Jack Robinson, it's members are back again wi' a slicht change, maybe for the warse, if that's possible. It's like keekin' through a kaleidoscope, the figures are a' there, an' when ye turn 't roon' they're there yet, but they hae changed places.

To say that the square man is whiles in the roon' hole, wad gi'e but a faint idea o' the incompatibility o' some o' oor official personages. That's the normal state o' things here. Occasionally it's improved upon by sticking an oval man into a quadrangular hole, an' if there's an oblong hole to fill anywhere, it's sure to hae a triangular man jammed intil't.

Anent the question o' squanderin' sae muckle siller on the Duke's reception, I maun say, in justice to the Ministry, that the hail Hoose o' Assembly are just as muckle to blame.

They gied them *carte blanche*, when they micht hae kent better. Whether the grandeur o' the occasion, or the unbounded expectations o' the Ministry hae unhinged their minds, it's hard to say, but they certainly haena' exhibited the common sense an' judgment in spendin' the public siller that was to be looked for frae the guardians o' the public purse.

An' it's a' vera fine for the Opposition to twit them wi' haein' siller buckles for the flunkies shoon an' ither fal-de-rals. They wad hae dune the vera same theirsells if they had had the chance. They're a' tarred wi' ae stick, an' the kintra wants a clean sweep o' the lot. At the neist election tak' care that you an' yer kintra friends pit naebody in but fairmers, an' hae nathing to dae wi' onybody in trade. Let's hae a wheen fairmers in the Hoos', an' things 'll sune gang a' richt again.

When the kintra folk come in to see the Duke they'll be vexed to see that Gouge's Fountain has been removed, an' wi' gude reason. Amang a' their sins o' omission an' commission, I consider that, as a combination o' vandalism an' flunkayism, that removal is aboot the meanest act that has yet disgraced the Corporation o' Adelaide. I mind weel when the fountain was erec'it. Language cud hardly be fund to describe the beauty o' the Macclesfield marble. The inscription was favorably commented upon; the lamp, being a'thegither in advance o' the times, was looked upon as inauguratin' a new era, an' the advantage o' haein' a drinkin' fountain *in that vera spot* was enlarged upon in the maist graphic terms.

The donor was looked on as a public benefactor, an' were he still the successfu' contractor he was then, there wad hae

been nae word o' removin' his gift to the city. He's under a cloud noo. The Reception Committee demand the removal o' the fountain, an' it is removed accordingly. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Noo, I didna' consider Gouge's Fountain faultless architecturally, or grand eneuch for the site it occupied; a site as fine as is to be fund in any ordinary city, and on which assuredly a memorial o' some sort or ither will yet stand. It wasna' equal in style to its palatial neebour the Bank o' Australasia at the ae corner, but it was as far in advance o' the butcher's shop at the opposite corner. Takin' the present architecture o' King William-street as a whole, it was creditable to the city, an' it wad hae been time eneuch to hae removed it when the Corporation had something better to pit in its place.

It was a handy spot for passing wayfarers to slacken their drouth, an' doubly sae as a haven o' refuge for women an' children frae the butcher's boys that gang gallopin' aboot the streets, a thing that ought to hae been abolished lang syne. What's to hin'er them carryin' the meat in a wooden tray on their shouthers, as their betters hae dune afore them?

Let it appear in the summaries, in the telegraphic news, that when ither toons are pittin' up fountains in their maist croodit thoroughfares, we're removin' them at the biddin' o' a self-elected Reception Committee to the maist unfrequented pairts o' the toon. It'll act as a braw encouragement to ither intendin' benefactors o' the city, whilst it'll fill the hearts o' the thirsty draymen an' wayfarers wi' loyalty to ken, that owin' to a visit frae a member o' the Royal Family they can get nae mair drinks at Gouge's Fountain.

The only amusing thing connec't wi' this miserable affair was the statement that the fountain interrupted the traffic. Interrup' the traffic, indeed! Does Sir Robert Peel's statue, in Cheapside, interrup' the traffic? In Cheapside, that's no hauf the width o' King William-street, an' whaur mair vehicles pass in hauf an hoor than gang doon King William-street in a fortnicht! It's weel kenned it doesna'. It divides the traffic, an' furnishes a restin'-place to foot passengers in crossing, and sae does King William himsel', in King William-street, City.

If the fountain did interrup' the traffic, what's the effec' o' the lang line o' cabs an' cars, on the croon o' the causeway? It's the auld storry o' the wolf an' the lamb. The fountain was doomed, an' ony excuse wad dae to get rid o't.

What do you think o' the new version o' the National Anthem to be sung by the Sunday School children when the Duke comes, as if the auld ane wasna' gude enech for them? Hech, they've improved it the wrang way, an' a bonny farrago o' haivers they hae made o't.

Defective in rhyme, faulty in grammar, feeble in composition, it hasna' even the redeeming feature o' being theologically correc':—

“Then when our Lord shall come
To take His children home
With Him to reign,
May *she* and *they* be found
With heavenly glory crowned,
Whilst peace and joy surround
The Throne of God.”

Wha “*she*” represents is left entirely to the imagination, an' if “*they*” means onybody, it maun mean the Lord's children.

Noo, accordin' to a' orthodox teaching, the comin' o' the Lord (wi' reverence be it spoken) is for the purpose o' judgment, an' crowns are to be awardit as He sees fit. Yet here is a positive prayer put up that certain persons unknown, termed "she" and "they," may be found already crowned with glory at the comin' of the Lord!

It's naething new for folk to write silly an' even impious trash in verse, but hoo a body o' men professin' to be teachers o' youth can sanction the singin' o't is mair than I can comprehend. There's ae comfort, hooever, that the bairns, wiser than their elders, are gey an' sure to keep on singin' "God Save the Queen," without mindin' the nonsense o' the last verse.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS McTAVISH.

XVIII.—ANENT THE DUKE'S PIPER, THE LUCIFER MATCH QUESTION, AN' IITHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

WEEL, Jock, there's signs o' the "Galatea" comin' at last, and a gude job it'll be when she's baith come an' gane, sae that we can hae thae awsome like poles oot o' oor sicht, and thae frichtfu' scaffoldin's they ca' balconies ta'en doon again. It's no' to be won'er'd at that they frichten the horses, an' they dae a' they can to ding them doon.

There's like to be busy wark at the Hospital on the reception day; they're gettin' a new ward in readiness, an' the return o' killed an' wounded 'll vie wi' that on mony a fiercely contested field. A guinea the piece an nae responsi-

bility is no exac'ly the way to secure the stablest o' structures. There's ane o' them I see that's fastened up wi' bits o' hoop airn, an' I wad caution a' canny Scots that value hale banes to keep clear o' that portion o' the plainstones, or they're like to be squashed as flat as a tawtie scone.

It's a fearsome thing to venture life an' limb on ane o' thae gimcrack affairs, an' whaur death is the result, nae Jury cud return ony ither verdict' but *felo-de-se*, whilk invalidates ony life policy the puir bodies may hae, besides being attended wi' ither unpleasent consequences, sic as bein' buried whaur three cross roads meet, an' sic like.

I'm no gane to mak' anither proffer o' ma valuable services in giein' instructions in the Hielan' Fling, seein' that the Reception Committee hadna' the courtesy to acknowledge ma former offer. That I attribute pairtly to want o' sense, an' pairtly that they aiblins thocht I was in joke. They're a queer lot thae Englishers, it's an unco fashious job to ding onything into their heads, an' they hae sae little idea o' humour, that they can never tell whether ye're in jest or earnest.

They may see noo for theirsells that even the benichted Brazilians had some idea o' hoo to receive a Scottish Prince, an' that at the ba' gi'en in his honor at Rio, they danced twa Hielan' Reels. Maybe they may noo see the propriety o' revisin' their programme, an if they'll no introduce the Hielan' Fling, just because they dinna' ken the steps theirsells, they may at least hae grace enouch to substitute reels for twa at least oot o' their seeven galops.

Heard ever onybody the like o' sic a programme for a ba' to a Scottish Prince! No a Reel! a Fling! nor even the Caledonians!! Surely there canna' hae been ony Scotsmen

on the Committee, or if there were, they maun hae been a degenerate lot—nae Hielanders, I'll be bound. If the programme's no altered, it's like eneuch the Duke 'll turn on his heel, an' let them gang through their seeven galops by theirsella.

I hope it'll be borne in mind that at a' banquets to whilk the Duke may be inveeted, he maun aye hae his piper ahint his chair to play durin' the entertainment. Man, but the pipes 'll soun' gran' in the Toon Ha'! an' as a' ither music is harsh an' dissonent aside the pipes, nae ither instruments can be tolerated, except when the National Anthem is sung. It'll be needfu' to provide apartments in Government Hoos' for the piper and his attendants, as His Royal Highness maun aye hae him at hand to pipe to him when he gets low-spirited, even as David did to Saul.

Thae southern bodies maunna' rin awa' wi' the idea that the piper to a Prince o' the Blude hauds a menial situation, ony mair than a lord in waitin' or a maid o' honor. Why, even the pipers to the great Hielan' Dukes, sic as the MacCallum More, are aye Dhuniéwassails, gentlemen by birth an' edication, an' entitled to wear the cock's feather in their bannets.

It's no unlike that the Duke's piper may be o' higher rank than onybody noo in the colony but mysel'. If, as is maist likely the case, he's a Hielan' Laird o' ane o' the auld clans, he'll be entitled in the procession to tak' precedence even o' the Bishop, as I wad hae a richt to dae mysel' if I went, bein' head o' a clan, and therefore abune ony commoner. If he's only the son o' a laird, an' no himsel' the head o' a clan, then he'll come in immediately ahint the Speaker.

Of course ye ken, Jock, I refer merely to the procession

the day o' the landin', as on a' ither occasions he wad precede His Royal Highness, playin' on the pipes. I wad recommend the authorities, hooever, to tak' gude care that he gets his proper place in the procession, for Hiellan' pipers are unco touchy anent their dignity, an' if he thoct ony slicht was intended him, his Skhian-dhu nicht mak' acquaintance wi' the ribs o' some of the Reception Committee, an' prevent them gaen through ane oot o' their seeven galops.

Losh, man! what gowks the Government hae made o' theirsells wi' tryin' to pass the Lucifer Match Bill? By ane o' the provisos o' this precious attempt at legislation, ony man, woman, or child, makin' use o' ane o' the ordinary matches, was to be made liable to a month's imprisonment with hard labor! Think o' that noo, fairmers an' fathers o' families!

Tak' yer ain case, Jock. Hoo wad ye like if Kirstie, the wife o' yer bosom, an' the mither o' fourteen children, for merely strikin' a match oot o' a box she had bocht an' paid for, an' the use o' whilk the Government had sanctioned by levyin' a duty on it, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment wi' hard labor? A bonny like thing to happen in a British colony, to a dacent matron that has lived reputably for nearly saxty years, and brocht up a fine family!

Or hoo wad ye like if yer twa lasses, Bella an' Maggie, an' bonny lasses they are tae, that are comin' oot at their first ba' when the Duke comes, were sent doon to pick oakum for a month wi' their delicate fingers that never did harder wark than milkin' the kye, or turnin' the kirn? An' for what? for felony or petty larceny? Nae sic thing, but just for lichtin' their caun'le wi' a match that wasna' Bryant an' May's!

An' these are yer Governors, O! Sooth Australians, that attempt to introduce mair tyrannical, unjust, an' impracticable laws than a despotic ruler wad even dream o', an' yet, when their nonsensical attempts are defeated, they haena' even grace eneuch to gang an' hang theirsells, or hide their heads for ever in weel-deserved oblivion.

By the way, Jock, I maun tell ye, as was weel said the ither day, the twa three remarks I hae gien ye the noo are by nae manner o' means intended for publication. It's vera like that they're no expressed wi' ma usual elegance o' diction, for I hae had ither literary wark in preparation, as ye weel ken. It's no a bad dodge that, when ye hae onything particularly offensive to say o' yer neebours, to announce that it's no intended to be in prent. Of course if indiscreet frien's will insist in publishin't, ye're in their haun's, in a measure, an' canna' help yersel'. Naebody likes to be tell't that they're a' gane helter-skelter to the bad place, an' that, City o' Churches as Adelaide is whiles ca't, they're a' wheen whited sepulchres, an' wi' the exception o' ae sma' sect hae abandoned a' their principles, an' are a' gane doon at the rate o' knots to a place that's no mentioned in polite society.

Noo, for ma ain pairt, I hae lang agreed wi' Uriah Heep, that it wad dae everybody gude if they were a' "took up," an' its pairt o' ma creed that everybody's wrang but mysel', an' that it's ma duty, as it whiles is ma pleasure, to try an' pit them richt; still it wad never dae to let mankind at large ken that I hae sic a bad opinion o' them, sae I rely on ye, Jock, no to let this get into the haun's o' the *Advertiser*.

I winna hae it in prent. It micht provoke controversy.

The Government, nae doot, wad try to excuse their conduct in wantin' to imprison women an' bairns; but as for the Reception Committee, I dinna think they wad hae the face to defend their dance programme.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XIX.—ANENT THE DUKE O' EMBRO', THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE, AN' ITHAR THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE arrival o' the "Galatea" was signalised muckle in the kin' o' way that was to hae been expect'it, frae the ither blunderin' doin's o' the Reception Committee.

Hech! folk maunna sneer ony mair at the soft-goods men, whiles ca't coonter-skipppers, no sae inappropriate on this occasion, for they skippit richt smartly into a boat, an' their energy an' decision rinnin' a'thegither coonter to the phlegmatic apathy o' the Committee, enabled them to hae the honour o' bein' the first to welcome to Australia the Royal visitor an' his noble ship.

The Glenelg Jetty was decorated wi' tolerably gude taste, an' on the mornin' o' the landin' a crood o' dacent honest folk began to gather on't, thinkin', puir bodies, that as there was nae objection made to their gane on, an' as they were in naebody's road, that they wad get a gude chance to see the Prince. But, na! na! that's no the gate o't in this ultra-aristocratic colony. It micht hae been an' awfu' shock to royalty to learn that common folk, withoot tickets, had been alloo't to desecrate wi' their presence the favourite

promenade o' Glenelg, reservit on this occasion, accordin' to Jenkins, for twa thoosan' o' the *elite*. Sae about twal' o'clock there was an unco ringin' o' a bell, an' twa or three o' the polis sune cleared the Jetty o' the lower orders.

After the vulgar herd had been removit, the *elite* began to stroll down in twas an' threes, but up to the time o' the Prince's landin' the Jetty lookit unco bare; aiblins there micht hae been twa or three hunner on't in place o' twa thoosan'. Ye see the *elite*, after haein' claimed the hail o' the Jetty for theirsells, preferred to see the Prince frae the balconies in King William-street, an' yet the vulgar herd were nane the better for their absence.

Placed by the accident o' birth far abune the petty jealousies and emulations o' oor colonial aristocrats, I am enabled to look down wi' calm contempt upon a' their disputes for precedence. A Hielan' Laird looks up to nane but his Sovereign, the Royal Family, an' the Representatives o' his Sovereign, but on the ither haun' he looks doon on naebody; an' here mair especially he considers that Jack's as guid as his master, so lang as Jack behaves himsel'.

Accordingly, it was neither as ane o' "the *elite*" nor ane o' the vulgar herd that I took up ma place on the Jetty, but as a member o' the Press; an' it's ane o' the advantages pertainin' to the fourth estate, an' nae mean ane in the estimation o' an impoverished Hielan' Laird, that it gies ye admission onywhere withoot haein' to pairt wi' yer bawbees.

Takin' up ma station at the far en', and haein' a guid glass, I had a fine sicht o' the mannin' o' the "Galatea's" yards as oor Sailor Prince was leavin' her. Rapidly he approached the shore in his ain barge pulled wi' twal' oars, the Royal

Standard floatin' at her stem, an' an officer in gorgeous uniform at the tiller, the Prince himsel' bein' in plain claes.

Anither boat cam' ahint the Prince's, an' sae weel did she keep in her wake that for a lang while the twa lookit like ae lang boat.

When the barge reached the first steps, there was an unco rush forrit o' "the *elite*," an' the Prince, wi' a' the agility o' a young an' active sailor, cam' up the steps wi' a celerity that muckle astonish't the Reception Committee, wha had evidently allotted aboot a quarter o' an hour for that operation.

As sune as the Prince had his fit on the jetty an' exchanged greetin's wi' His Excellency, he set aff at a smart pace, wi' a' "the *elite*" strugglin' after, ilka ane tryin' to get ahead o' his neebour. The sooplest cam' the best aff, an' whilst a wheen o' the chieils i' the cocked hats were pechin' far in the rear, I was sae fortunate as to get a position on the verge o' the platform whaur Royalty was brocht face to face wi' Australian Beadledom.

I dinna mean to follow the example o' the colonial Jenkins, wha has probably been imported by a contemporary for this auspicious occasion, an' gi'e ye full an' particular accoonts o' the Prince's e'ebroos, his een o' Teutonic blue (whatever colour that may be), neither am I gaun into raptures anent the lave o' his features.

A' that I hae to say on the subjec' is, that to me he lookit every inch a prince, an' weel worthy to bear the title o' Duke o' Embro', than whilk there is nae mair honourable title in the British peerage. Auld Reekie has muckle reason to be prood o' the honour bestowed on her by oor beloved

Sovereign, in creatin' her son Duke o' Embro', an' he, on his part, derives additional lustre in takin' his title frae the capital o' the auldest o' the three kingdoms; for ye ken, Jock, that Scotland was an auld-established realm when England, in the time o' the Heptarchy, was but an ill-assorted assemblage o' petty states.

Although opposed a'thegither to newspaper controversy, I maun tak' exception to anither statement o' Jenkins, that every coontenance expressed that the owners found the Duke to be muckle better lookin' than they expec'it. Sic an announcement shows that Jenkins is a thorough flunky. He maun hae learned his manners frae a gentleman's gentleman o' inferior grade. O' a' the numerous "isms" that afflict this earth, defend me, Jock, frae flunkysim, whilk has been rinnin' rampant for the past week.

Is it likely that ony gentleman, had he ever entertained sic an idea, wad hae alloo't it to hae been seen on his coontenance. That may be high life below stairs; but it's no a Hielander's idea o' courtesy or loyalty at ony rate.

An' mair nor that, it's no true. I deny a'thegither that there was ony sic expression on ma coontenance. Then, ye see, I hadna' ta'en ma idea o' the Prince frae thae wretched daubs that disfigure oor streets, an' that ought to be burned by the common hangman, did we possess sic an official.

It's weel kent that the McTavishes hae been endowed wi' second sight for the last hauf score o' centuries, an' to that gift is aye added the highest talent in physiognomy. As The McTavish o' that Ilk, I may say without flatterin' mysel' I consider my powers in that line considerably exceed those o' the maist o' mankind; an' yet even I wadna' pretend

to read the thocht's o' a' the folk that were roon' the Prince then, an' what's mair, I wadna' hae tried.

I was owre muckle ta'en up wi' feelin's o' rejoicin' an' loyalty at seein' the Queen's son amang us to care a bodle whether the vulgar herd around him thocht he was guid lookin' or no. When Jenkins penned sic an ootrageous absurdity, did it no occur to him that some chiel had ance said in joke what he's put doon in earnest, when he tell't a celebrated portrait painter that in ane o' his portraits he didna' think he had pit into the face quite a strong eneuch expression o' opposition to a Kirk Establishment.

When the address was owre, an' the Duke had gi'en his reply, short an' to the point, I saw the procession start, thankfu' that I had waved ma richt to take a prominent pairt in't, an' for the same reason, on the day of the Levee, I was thankfu' that I hadna' the "privilege o' the private *entree*," nor the richt to make a guy o' mysel' by donnin' the Ceevil Service uniform.

I didna' get up in time to hear the bairns sing, but I'm tell't it was gran'. I did see the tail en' o' the procession, hooever, in the toon, an' I maun say that the appearance o' King William-street did credit to the Reception Committee.

The balconies, and the leddies in them, lookit weel, an' glad I am to say there was nae accident frae them; but if it hadna' been for the extra precautions ta'en in consequence o' ma remarks aboot them, some o' the guid folk wad hae lost the number o' their mess. As for the illuminations, the less said the better. The Government anes, barrin' the Post-Office, hae been quite as great failures as ever I said they wad be; an' if the kintra doesna' ca' the Ministry to accoont

about the waste o' siller on them, then the kintra, as Mr. Bumble said o' the law, "is a ass."

Some o' the private illuminations were vera fine, an cam' far ayont the Government anes, an' nae doot at muckle less cost.

In ma neist I maun gi'e ye some accoont o' the Scots Company's dinner, the Ba', an' ither ploys that hae been gane on i' the toon.

Yer Guid-Britther,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XX.—ANENT THE DUKE O' EMBRO', THE SCOTS
COMPANY, AN' ITHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

I'LL no gi'e ye ony accoont o' the Review as ye were there yersel', an' sae ken as muckle about it as I can weel tell ye. I wadna' like to mak' ony invidious distinctions; but I think that amang a' that were there the Scots Company didna' look the least sodger-like, an' if we're to judge by the mony times they hae been ca'd oot to form a guard o' honor to the Prince, they haena' been a'thegither unacceptable in his een.

Then there's the Milang an' Strathalbyn Cavalry, a' Sons o' Anak, an' sittin' their horses like Centaurs. They cam' a lang way to dae honor to the Prince, an' haein' a wheen Scotsmen among them, an' a' unco fond o' the pipes, they fraterneessed wi' the Kilties, an' sat doon thegither to denner at the Hamburg.

Noo, the lads hae got into a fashion o' readin' ma letters

to ye, an' though I whiles hae a bit o' a joke at their expense, still they tak' it kindly frae me, though they michtna frae anither. Hooever, they're a braw set o' lads, an' I dinna' mean to mak' fun o' them ony mair, unless I canna' help it, or aiblins see it's for their gude.

Weel, naething wad ser' them, but they be't to hae auld Saunders to tak' pat-luck wi' them, an' if ye had been in the toon they wad hae had ye tae. Sae, though I'm o' an unco retirin' disposition, I thocht it but richt to gang an' fyle a plate wi' them, an' tak' a dram or twa thegither for the sake o' auld Scotland.

The denner wasna' sae bad, but I didna' see a haggis. I missed the "honest sonsie face" o' "the great chieftain o' the puddin' race," an' a Scots denner without a haggis is like an egg without saut. Hooever, we got unco cantie an' social thegither, an' had what the Yankees wad ca' "a gude time." We had the best o' music frae the best o' instruments, the pipes, an' frae nae mean performer.

"He screwed the pipes and gar't them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

There were speeches, sangs, recitations, an' the Hielan' Fling—nae less. A when o' the lads were surpreeed to see that I didna' look quite sae auld as they expec'it, an' ye ken I dinna' look within five-an'-twenty years or sae o' ma real age. That's wi' takin' care o' mysel' in ma young days, mair especially in the matter o' drinka. "For in my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors to my blood."

Na, na! nane o' yer soor wersh trash o' French wines—yere brandied sherries or logwood port ever gaed doon ma thrapple when I was a callant. Naething but the best o' whusky, about twenty degrees abune proof, an' that had

never paid the King saxpence. That's the stuff to gi'e ye length o' days, provided ye dinna' spile't by mixin't wi' water.

Hech! but the halcyon days o' auld Scotland are gane by, an' a' through the introduction o' English gaugers. I mind weel when ilka auld wife had her ain still, an' there was aye a bit keg comin' up to the Laird in a compliment, an' yet the King, honest man, wadna' a haet the waur, for he cudna' lose what he never had, an' in the McTavish kintra nae duty had ever been paid in the memory o' man.

There were gaugers nae doot in thae days, an' whiles for the look o' the thing, an' to show they were zealous officers, they micht seize an emp'y still; but they never even did that till the still was maist worn oot. They were rael thoctfu' in giein' notice o' their veesits. They wad say to the bits o' callants, "rin awa' hame, ye wee vagabones, an' tell yer auld jauds o' mithers that I'm comin' roon' the morn's morn, an' they maunna' let me see onything I shudna' see."

There's a waefu' change noo. A' the free distillin's knockit on the head, an' even in the licensed distilleries, the vera owners are sae harassed by English gaugers, that they daurna even tak' a dram theirsells to slocken their drouth, or let a frien' wet his whustle withoot its duty paid whusky. If Scotland did gain onything by the Union, hech! she's lost as muckle; an' it was a black day for her when the first English gauger crossed the Border.

But I'm fear't I'm wanderin' a wee frae the subjec'. There's twa topics whilk if I ance get on, ma pen maist rins awa' wi' me, an' I hae kent mysel' whiles rise to positive eloquence in treatin' o' them. Thae twa are whusky an' the lasses; the twa themes that hae inspire't the noblest

poetry o' every age. At least, if the ancients hadna' whusky, they did the best they cud wi' wine, whilk is but a puir substitute.

There was nane o' that new-fangled teetotalism when I was a bairn, an' auld as I am, I think I'm like to see the end o't yet. It's no suited to this climate ava.

I maunna' forget to say that there were twa three gaucie chieles among the English present, that it was maist a pity to think had been born on the wrang side o' the Tweed. Hooever, I hae nae prejudices, an' I'll freely admit that some o' oor southern neebours are no muckle ahint us in the possession o' thae qualities that dae maist honor to oor common humanity.

The Ba' in the Town Ha' on Tuesday nicht was a maist successfu' ane. The Duke's piper played, and the Duke himsel' danced a Hielan' reel, as I tell't ye he wad dae, although it wasna' in the programme.

Kirstie lookit rael weel, an' was dressed as braw as ony ane there. In fac', folk cudna' hae guessed that her gude-man had jist been through the Coort, an' paid seevenpence farden in the pun'. Naebody wad ever hae thoct she was the mither o' thae twa strappin' lasses, Bella and Maggie. They didna' dance wi' the Prince, but maybe they enjoy't theirsells as weel as if they had. The sicht o' the Prince was eneuch for them.

It was a bonny scene a'thegither, an' the leddies bore wi' rale gude humour the tearin' o' their dresses, whilk cud hardly hae been avoided, their trains were sae lang.

I hear that some o' the *élite* didna' like the idea o' dancin' in the same room wi' tradesfolk, an' wanted a bit raip pit across to separate the cheena frae the delf. I canna' believe

that. Surely, when the Prince an' the McTavish didna' mind the presence o' tradesfolk, naebody else need hae been fear't o' their plebeian names takin' ony scaith.

To adorn the Toon Ha' wad be like pentin' the lily, sae ayont mirrors an' evergreens there were nae decorations. But the supper-room was embellished in a way that showed the designers werena' a'thegither destitute o' taste; an' as for the supper itsel', I may say wi' candour that I hae sat doon to waur entertainments even in the "Land o' Cakes."

The torch-light procession was a great success, but I canna' say muckle for the fireworks. Onybody but a Reception Committee-man wad hae kent that a bricht moonlicht nicht is no' the best adapted for sic a display. Hooever, they *only* cost a hunner an' fifty pun', and that's a mere naething to them; it doesna' cum oot o' their ain pooch, ye see.

As to the Mayor's banquet, ye'll see full accoonts o't in the papers, but I wad jist add that the least thing the citizens can dae to show their appreciation o' the way in whilk the Mayor has maintained the credit o' the city is to pit him in again, withoot a contest, always provided he's willing to gang.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS McTAVISH.

XXI.—ANENT ASSAULTS ON EDITORS, REPORTERS, AN' CORRESPONDENTS, AN' I'THER THINGS IN GENERAL.

YE'LL mind nae doot, Jock, the great privilege debate in the Yankee Legislature, arisin' frae the complaint o' a member that anither ane had fired at him durin' the second readin' o' a Bill. The learned Speaker, after an exhaustive exposition o' the law on the subjec', decided that it was oot o' order an' a breach o' privilege to fire at an opponent at that stage o' the Bill.

It was after, an' in consequence o' that decision, that the Associated Press o' New York agreed to the rules noo in force there anent assaults on editors an' sic like. They decided that when a chiel felt himsel' aggrieved by ony newspaper remark, he was first to tak' satisfaction frae ane o' the editors or proprietors, an' whaur ane o' them happened to be a military man, he was boun' to gie him the preference, whether he was ane himsel' or no. After polishin' aff a' the editors an' proprietors, then, an' no till then, he micht begin on the reporters; syne the compositors an' pressmen, till he cam' doon to the vera deils theirsells, an' it was reckoned a breach o' etiquette to assault a correspondent till ilka ane employed in the printin' office had got his paiks, an' by that time, unless the assailant was mair than ordinar' o' a fire-eater, he was maistly rubbed out himsel'.

Ye see if it's to become the fashion here to tak' personal vengeance on the Press, it's needfu' that proper rules shud be laid doon, an' it behoves ilka ane, includin' "oor ain correspondents" in the kintra toons to consider their position. Thank gudeness I hae never said onything to hurt onybody's

feelin's, unless it was aiblins that chiel they ca't "C. B.," an' he hit me first; but ye see noo-a-days it's no the man ye write about that assaults ye; but ane o' his relations, sae ye can never tell whaur ye are.

A body micht sae something aboot me for instance, whilk michtna' ruffle ma feathers ava, in fac' I micht tak' it as a compliment; but then ye yersel', Jock, that were aye rather free wi' yere haun's, or somebody that has the honor o' being connec't wi' me either by blude or alliance, or some ane else that's aiblins only an enthusiastic admirer o' ma writin's, micht tak' offence an' rin awa' an' assault the man withoot haein' the slichtest idea whether I felt aggrieved or no. Then some folks again hae sic heaps o' relations, faithers, brithers, sons, uncles, nephews, guid-brithers, guid-sons, an' cousins to the forty-second degree, that maitters micht in time come to resemble the auld feuds atween the clans.

Noo, although I aye eschew personalities, an' hae the hail staff o' the *Advertiser* to be assaulted accordin' to rule, afore my time wad come, still as there's aye some dour bodies that winna' pay ony attention to etiquette, I hae thocht it desirable to tak' some steps to guard my ain personal safety.

The porter has positive instructions no to let onybody in that looks in the least excited, or like's they were "blue-moulded for want o' a bateing." To hae the law on ma ain side, I hae had a' the chieles i' the place sworn in as special constables, an' I hae jist completed, at some sma' expense, a rale bony device o' ma ain invention. Naebody can win into ma office withoot steppin' ower a trap-door. At the first symptom o' hostile intentions I touch a spring; doon gangs the chiel into a tank o' cauld water in the cellar. I 'ae been tryin' experiments wi' cats an' dogs to see hoo lang

they can stay under water an' ultimately recover, an', to prevent ony great mishap, I hae got a lot o' the printed instructions "hoo to recover the apparently drowned." Besides, me an' twa three ither auld cronies hae been takin' lessons in gougins, wi' a stuffed figure an' movable een. It's bonny practice, but unco sair on the thoomb till ye're used t'it.

I never stir oot o' doors without a revolver an' a life preserver, an' I hae a bonny bit o' a skene-dhu, a perfec' gem; the man that wad objec' to haein' his craig nickit wi't maun hae nae taste for the beautifu'. But as I said afore, some folk hae sae mony relations that they micht come on in sic numbers as to neutralise a' yer precautions. Sae I hae had an alarum bell constructed, an' when it rings, the hail Scots Company—the Duke o' Embro's Ain—'ll ken that auld Saunders is sair beset, an' 'll come up "at the dooble" to his assistance.

Hech! it's a queer warld this. I'm sure Sooth Australia's about the last place whaur ye wad hae expect'it reporters to be assaulted in their ain offices. I un'erstaun' the rates o' premium on life assurance on a' connec'it wi' the press here are to be raised, an' it's even a question whether they'll be accep'tit at ony price.

It's to be hoped that recent events 'll disabuse the minds o' oor rulers o' the idea that we hae nae native talent here, an' that it's needfu' to gang to Melbourne to fill up ony vacancies in the Government service. Losh, man, ye wad hae thocht that there was nae need to gang there for flunkies, at ony rate, seein' that the breed already exists here to a maist alarmin' extent. Vera like the wages that were offered werna' muckle, it was the perquisites. It minds me o' the Hielan' servant; when her mistress engaged her, she

askit her what wages she wantit. "Hoots, mem," says she, "I dinna' care muckle aboot wages, I'll be aye fin'in' things."

We had ae bonny specimen last year o' a reverend gentleman wha was made muckle o' by the total abstaigers, simply because he cam' frae Melbourne, an' noo we hae had an awfu' public scandal frae anither o' the same gentry. Hooever, it may dae gude in the en', we were fast fa'in' into the status o' a provincial toon, lookin' up to Melbourne as oor Metropolis, an' we wanted something to shake us oot o' that position.

The Reception Committee held their last meetin' in the Insolvent Coort, an' they cudna' hae chosen a mair appropriate place. Nae Government cud exist lang without filin' its schedule, if it aye carried on business in the way the Reception Committee has done.

To tell o' a' their misdaein's I hae neither time nor inclination, but I wad jist refer to the illuminations again. Jist fancy their pittin' up elaborate gas fittin's on a' the three divisions o' the Government Offices, an' then lichtin' up ane o' them at a time. If they had consulted the inmates o' the Lunatic Asylum they wad hae tell't them, their end micht hae been obtained by fittin' up the ae wing only, an' lichtin' three nichts in succession.

There was the Supreme Coort tae, the fittin's o' it'll cost twa hun'er an' sax pun's. It was lichted ae nicht for aboot hauf an hoor, an' then it either gae'd oot o' itsel' or was pit oot. Even whaur the gas wad burn, the system o' lichtin' up the places on different nichts wasna' vera successfu'. Folk werena' comin' into the toon every nicht to see a wee bit illumination here an' anither ane there. I happened to be ga'en by accident along North-terrace ae nicht, an' saw

the Institute lichted up. It looked gey an' weel, but besides mysel' there were only twa bairns an' a towsy tyke o' a dog lookin' on, an' I thoct it was hardly worth payin' three hun'er an' fifteen pun' to please sic a sma' assembly as that.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS McTAVISH.



XXII.—ANENT NEW POLLIN' PLACES, TELEGRAPH STATIONS, AN' ITHIR THINGS IN GENERAL.

OUR legislators hae been devotin' a' the po'ors o' their vast an' gifted intellec's to the establishment o' new pollin' places a' owre the kintra. Ilka ane o' them lookin' on himsel' as a main pillar o' the State, an' hearin' wi' horror that at the last election twa or three o' his constituents that were disguised in drink, werena' able to warstle a mile or twa to the pollin' booth, determines that sic' a frichtfu' irregularity maunna' occur again.

As he meditates on the appallin' result to the warld at large if a' the electors were gettin' fou' neist time, he mak's up his mind to bring the pollin' booth to ilka man's door, sae that he can exercise the noblest richt o' humanity, after whilk he may get as fou' as a fiddler if he likes.

No deterred by the absurdities patent at every election, when we hae continual instances o' pollin' places whaur ane, twa, three, an' four electors record their votes at a cost to a lang-sufferin' people o' thretty or forty pun's the piece, they keep on appointin' new anes an' whaurever a public-hoose an' a smiddy are gathered thegither, there do oor sapient legisla-

tors set doon a pollin'-booth an' a Telegraph Station in their midst.

They ca' the tane "securin' purity o' election," as if it mattered twa bodles whether ae haveril body was elected by twa or three hauf-witted gowks, mair or less, a' as daft or nearly as daft as himsel'. As for the new Telegraph Stations, that's ca't "developin' the resources o' the kintra."

There's hardly a bit o' a toonship on ane o' oor great lines o' traffic "leadin' frae a place whaur naebody ever comes frae, to anither that naebody ever gangs tae," but what the member for the distric' maun hae either a pollin'-booth or a Telegraph Station, or the promise o' ane as sune as the revenue can afford it. No that the promise is worth muckle, for the revenue's declinin' daily, an' the rate that oor expenditure's progressin' minds me o' the final flare-up o' an' intendin' insolvent afore he absconds.

An' what an awfu' cruelty it is to sen' ony unfortunate youth to keep a Telegraph Station in ane o' oor decayin' kintra villages. The first day the line's opened, congratulatory messages pass atween the Governor an' the petty magistrate o' the district, an' maybe the publican for the fun o' the thing, an' to gi'e the affair a lift, sen's a message to his wine merchant in toon proposin' a nobbler thegither. The unfortunate operator fancies he's to hae a rush o' business, but puir fellow that's the last message he ever gets—that's paid for, I mean.

Month after month he pines in solitude listenin' to the weary click o' the instrument that tells him that Adelaide's speakin' Mount Gambier, or Kapunda speakin' the Port, but ayont sendin' his daily report o' the weather to headquarters, an' whiles exchangin' a bit o' chaff wi' a fellow-sufferer lan-

guishin' in anither decayin' an' hauf-deserted village, he vegetates in enforced idleness a moody an' discontented being, lookin' wi' suspicion on his fellow-men, an' haudin' in especial detestation the twa three bairns, that on their way hame frae schule whiles peep in at the door wi' a hauf-terrified an' hauf-inquirin' look.

It requires a mind o' stronger calibre than maist o' oor colonial-bred youth possess, an' ane that's been unco weel furnished by previous study to endure for lang sic a fearsome ordeal. We hae the Lunatic Asylum croodit wi' puir fellows that hae tint their wuts in the dreary solitudes o' the bush, an' yet here we hae a paternal Government adoptin' the vera means for creatin' lunacy, by appointin' men to telegraph stations in places whaur, in a' human probability, no eneuch o' business 'ill be dune in the present century as 'll pay for replacin' the poles that are eaten by the white ants.

This rage for telegraph extension an' new pollin'-places is no unlike the mania there was twa three years sin' syne for opening branch_banks, an' if it continues ye may expect in future Gazetteers to hae Sooth Australia describet in some such fashion as this:—

“This unfortunate colony has been ruined by Responsible Government an' the practical irresponsibility of its rulers. A' the folk that cud rin awa' hae emigrated to Victoria an' New Sooth Wales. The kintra districts are inhabited chiefly by telegraph operators, bank clerks, an' deputy returning-officers, an' the principal buildin's are the banks, telegraph stations, an' pollin'-booths.

“The only places whose population shows an increase are the Destitute an' Lunatic Asylums. The keepers, wha are all Honorables (limited) an' ex-Ministers, eke oot a precarious

livelihood by disposin' o' the gowd on their auld uniforms to the bailiffs wha are in possession o' the colony, on behalf o' the holders o' Sooth Australian bonds. The revenue, derived chiefly fræ lucifer matches, is totally inadequate to defray expenses, though the Legislature still gang through the forms o' votin' supplies. As a proof o' the utter decadence o' this ance flourishin' colony, we may state that the last Scotsman departed six months syne, having failed in procurin' cash at the Treasury for a tippenny stamp, the sole currency o' the kintra."

Seriously though, Jock, if we dinna' come to quite sic a pass as that mentioned abune, we'll no be far ahint it, if the present profligate expenditure gangs on. We muckle want a Joe Hume in the Hoos'. If ailler was as plentiful' as sclate stanes it cudna be thrown awa' mair recklessly.

Tak' thae railways. Did ever Christian man hear a mair fearsome or scandalous statement than that showin' the excesses that wad be required on former votes? Are we a' gane clean gyte? Is it true that the majority o' mankind are mad, an' that wi' the proverbial cunnin' o' lunacy they shut up the few sane folk in asylums?

There's naething 'll bring oor rulers to their senses—that's to say, if they haena' tint them a'thegither—but dispensin' wi' their services. An' if we canna' dae that, if we're boun' to them han' an' fit, we'll come to grief as a colony afore lang. We canna' lang continue burnin' the caun'le at baith en's.

As Artemus Ward said, "We are governed too much." There's an unco rage for multiplyin' useless offices, an' if it gangs on the same gate, the bulk o' the population 'll sune consist o' the ceevil servants. The Government keep creatin'

new offices, raisin' salaries, authorisin' lavish expenditure here, there, an' everywhere, withoot takin' the slichtest heed to mak' the twa en's meet. An' there's a' the members open-moothed, like corbies. Ane wants a new brigg, anither a railway or tramway, a third a telegraph station, a dizzen o' them new pollin'-places, as if they were in possession o' the purse o' Fortunatus, in place o' bein' the guardians—bonny guardians, indeed!—o' the revenues o' a vera suna' an' impoverished dependency o' the British Croon, that 'll hae a hard struggle to get through its present liabilities withoot bein' burdened wi' the interest an' eventual repayment o' anither million whilk the Treasurer glibly talks o' borrowin'.

I'd like to see't. Siller may be at ane or ane an' a hauf per cent. in Lunnon, but we're no like to see muckle o't wi' oor present system o' finance.

Then there's the Northern Territory landholders clamorin' for their siller back. Man, Jock, if they get it, it'll be a maist iniquitous business, to rive frae the overtaxed an' impoverished inhabitants o' this colony seventy or aughty thoosan' pun's to reimburse a wheen graspin' speculators, a hantle waur than Shylock was. Even Shylock was content wi' fair interest, but they want ten per cent., an' demand it, tae, as bauld as brass.

By the way, talkin' o' the Northern Territory, hoo is't that the member for Flinders hasna' demanded a pollin'-place at Adam Bay? Afore the votin' boxes cam' roon' the Parliament micht hae been dissolved, or the opposin' candidates aiblins micht be traivelin' in a far country whaur their railway passes wad avail them naething.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS McTAVISH.

**XXIII.—ANENT A NEW LAND BILL, AN' I'THER THINGS
IN GENERAL.**

As there's nae doot, Jock, that whatever Ministry happens to be in po'or neist session maun either introduce a new Land Bill, or mak' room for them that will, it michtna' be a'thegither inexpedient for you an' yer brither fairmers to consider a wee what wad constitute a gude Land Bill. I dinna' think it needfu' to gie ony arguments to prove the imperative necessity o' a change in oor land regulations. In spite o' the illusive statistics obtained by the Government as to the extent o' the emigration o' the fairmers to New Sooth Wales, everybody kens that they are ga'en in hail troops, an' when we hae the vera head o' the Government himsel' statin' in his place in Parliament that he's beginnin' to think o' fittin' tae, it behoves ilka ane that has onything to lose to see that some steps are ta'en to save the wreck o' his property, an' no let the colony gang to the wa' a'thegither.

- I dinna' agree wi' ae argument that has been used against a change in oor Land Act, that we shud wait a year or twa to see hoo them that hae left us for Albury get on in their new hame. Whether they're successfu' every year, or whiles hae a bit flood that mak's amend for a' its damage by enrichin' their fields for the neist season, mak's nae difference to us. They'll no come back here at ony rate.

Neither wad I pay ony attention to anither argument, that English capital wad be prevented frae comin' here for investment. We dinna' want English capital invested on oor fairmers' lands. We want them to be freeholders in the full sense o' the term, no to be warkin' their lives oot to send a

their profits in the shape o' rent or interest to a bloated absentee capitalist that disna' contribute ae farden to the expenses o' the kintra, frae whilk he draws his unhallowed gains.

Besides, I deny a'thegither that English capital has been invested in lan' here to onything like the extent that's represented. Nae doot oor fairmers among them owe a heap o' siller to English capitalists, but this is the gait o't.

We'll suppose an English capitalist buys through his agent here, at the land sale, a hun'er acres for a hun'er pun's. He sells this to a fairmer for four hun'er, ae hun'er in cash, an' for the rest he charges him twa an' a hauf per cent., by this means he gets his first hun'er back, an' repeats the operation *ad infinitum*. The puir fairmer has to pay for interest thirty-seeven pun' ten per annum, till what wi' bad craps, an' sic usurious interest, he's forced into the Insolvent Coort, an' yet the land agents wad threep doon yer throat that here was a case o' four hun'ner pun's o' English capital invested, an' that if we mak' ony change we'll drive't awa.

Under a system o' deferred payments the fairmer wad hae paid say twenty pun's the first year, an' saxteen pun's a year for the neist four, less than hauf what he has to pay for interest under the present system, an' at the en' o' that term the land wad hae been his ain freehold, instead o' bein' burdened wi' a debt o' three hun'er pun's. Yet, strange as it may seem, the Staté wad hae got the vera same sum for it's land as it does the noo', wi' this additional advantage, that instead o' gettin't in a lump sum, whilk only drives the Treasurers an' Governments to extravagance, they wad hae a steady annual income frae the land fun' no liable to be

influenced to ony extent by exceptional periods o' depression or prosperity.

Wha can doot that oor present financial condition wad hae been infinitely mair healthy if the vast sums that hae been invested in land here in the past five years, an' spent as sune as received, had been paid in annual instalments, of whilk we wad yet hae to receive a considerable amooont !

The amooont o' indirect loss to the State owin' to the sums fairmers hae had to pay for interest an' agency an' sic like ; their losses by bankruptey, no to speak o' the misery caused thereby to individuals an' families, is simply incalculable.

It's no lang till the new elections, when ye'll hae an opportunity o' tichtly taargin' the candidates, and mak' up yer minds no to return ony man that's no soon' on the land question, and that'll no pledge himsel' to support a Bill identical wi' or similar to the ane introduced by Alick Hay. Ye'll hae poorfu' opposition—that o' a sma' but wealthy class, wha see their craft is in danger, an'll strain every nerve to continue what they consider their vested richts to prey on the unhappy fairmer. But stick thegither, agree to drap a' minor differences, an' ye maun succeed. Ye hae baith richt an' reason, forbye num'ers on yer side, an' when the waur than Augean stable o' oor land auction mart has been cleansed, the man by whase means it had been accomplished will hae saved the colony frae ruin, an' weel deserved the warmest thanks o' the hail community.

Nae doot when the harpies that hae preyed sae lang on the fairmers fin' oot that their occupation's gane they may adopt some o' the plans that hae been try't in Victoria to get the lan' still into their clutches by means o' dummies. The Act wad need to contain a sharp an' decisive remedy

for that, an' I wad propose that for the first offence a heavy fine be imposed, an' for the second I wad simply hang them, dummy an' land agent on the ae gallows.

I wad aye gang in for the greatest happiness o' the greatest num'er, an' there can be nae doot that the fairmers considerably ootnum'er the land agents, even as the sheep ootnum'er the wolves. I can weel conceive the raptures o' joy that wad lichten up mony a hamestead as the telegraph flashed along the roads the welcome intelligence that "anither land agent has just been hanged; he died penitent;" an' in thae pairts o' the kintra whaur the wires haena' yet penetrated, beacon fires micht carry the joyfu' news frae hill to hill till in every pairt o' the agricultural districts it was kent that anither land agent had ceased to live.

Mony a heartfelt prayer an' sang o' thanksgiving wad gang up that nicht frae gratefu' hearts a' owre the length an' breadth o' the land. The muttered curse o' the ruined fairmer languishin' in gaol—the wail o' misery frae his unhappy wife an' weans, hauf starvit on Government rations—wad be changed to hymns o' praise, an' they wad forget for a time their ain sufferin's an' wrangs in the satisfaction o' kennin' that justice had at last been done.

It may be said that we cudna' legally hang a man for mere conspiracy or intent to defraud, but whaevers says sae kens little o' oor legislative po'ors. Haena' we a'ready dismissed ae Judge for contumacy, an' canna' we dae the same again? Hae we no tried to mak' it illegal to use lucifer matches an' threatened to imprison for three months wi' hard labor ony man, woman, or child, that wad dae sic a thing? Hae we no try't to abolish primogeniture, to tak' frae a British subjec' his birth-right, an' ser' him as Jacob

did Esau? an' if we can dae a' thae things without bein' hinner't by the Home Government, do ye think they wad interfere to prevent us hangin' twa three land agents, a class deservedly unpopular, an' wha mairover had broken the laws? Wad they try to obstruc' the course o' justice amang a people sae loyal as the Sooth Australians, an' whaur its execution wad gi'e sae muckle gratification to sic a large an' deservin' class as the fairmers? Nae fear; the law wad tak' its course, an' there wadna' be sae mony letters against capital punishment as there are when it's a murderer that becomes the objec' o' a perverted sympathy.

Man! when I think o' the amoot o' happiness that folk wad enjoy by simply stringin' up a single land-agent, I'm maist vexed that the law's no in force the noo.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XXIV.—ANENT THE LIBERTY O' THE PRESS, LIBERTY O' SPEECH, AN' ITHAR THINGS IN GENERAL.

As the elections 'll sune be comin' on, an' there's like to be a gey an' keen contest, it's as weel that folk shud ken hoo far they can gang in personal abuse o' an opponent either in speech or writin'. There's a deal o' latitude alloc't at election time, still it's as weel for a body to keep on the richt side o' the law.

We'll premise that yer objec' is dootless to annoy yer opponent, to expose him to ridicule an' contempt, to mak' him ashamed o' himsel', if he has ony shame in him, an'

generally to hurt his feelin's, an' mak' life a burden to him.

Weel, there's a gude mony points ye may attack him on, an' maist folk are vulnerable on ane or mair o' them. If, for instance, he's made his siller in trade, tak' care never to let him sink the shop, be aye castin' it up to him. If he's been a grocer, ca' him "Figs" or "Sand-the-sugar;" if he's been a butcher, ca' him "Tripes" or "Liver-an-lichts;" if an airn-monger, "Tangs" or "Saucepans," and sae on. Ye see, a' thae trades an' ithers like them are low mean ways o' makin' a livin', an' it 'll never dae to let the likes o' them force theirsells into the society o' the likes o' us withoot bein' continually reminded o' their disgracefu' origin. If he's a lawyer, ca' him—but bide a wee, I dinna' think ye can improve on that; it's nae use pentin' the lily; if he's a lawyer, then jist ca' him ane, nae nickname that ye cud invent wad be mair effective.

Of coorse ye'll no let ony personal peculiarity pass withoot notice. If he's a stoot man, for instance, ca' him a porpoise; if he's thin, a skeleton; if his legs happen to be a wee bowly, ask him to let ye wheel yer barrow through them; an' if his nose is a wee thocht red, say ye want to licht yer pipe at it. It doesna' need muckle wut to be abusive, an' I hae noticed that ony allusion to a personal defect or peculiarity is aye keenly relished by the audience, an' usually causes mair distress an' discomfiture to the subjec' than even a reference to his trade.

Ye dinna' need me to tell ye that if a man at ony period o' his life has committed an indiscretion, placed himsel' in a ridiculous licht, been forced for a time to adopt some menial though honest occupation, sic as bein' a scavenger, a lamp-

lichter, or a waiter, aye cast it up to him, an' if he winces under it, gie't to him again.

Then if he's what's ca't by some folk here a dissenter—though by the way that's quite a misnomer in this kintra, whaur there's nae Established Kirk. In England an' Ireland a' sects but the Episcopal ane are dissenters. In Scotland, as ye weel ken, the Episcopalians are dissenters just as muckle as the Plymouth Brethren. Her Most Gracious Majesty hersel', when in Scotland, aye gangs to the Established Presbyterian Kirk, an no' to a dissentin' Episcopal Chapel. Then, again, in Rome, Russia, or Turkey, Episcopalians an' Presbyterians baith are dissenters; but here there's nae sic a thing, an' it's a wunner to me to hear folk that oucht to ken better talkin' o' church people an' chapel people, churchmen an' dissenters, an' sae on.

But to resume, if he's what some folk term a dissenter, be sure ye ca' him a white-choker; no that white chokers are peculiar to ony sect in particular, but it's recognised as an opprobrious term for a dissenter, an' is aye safe to raise a lauch, an' if ye hae a mair than ordinar' dislike to him, ye can ca' him besides a cantin' hypocrite, a howlin' dervish, a cannibal, or ony ither disgracefu' name ye can think o'. In fac', the hail vocabulary o' abuse is open to ye, wi' ae exception.

Ye maunna' ca' him a convic', ye maunna' say he wore the bracelets, was marked wi' the broad arrow, or the cat-o'-nine-tails, or onything o' that kind, for then ye see ye wad be liable to be ta'en afore the Justice, an' if ye didna' apologise, ye micht hae to pay a heavy fine, or gang to prison.

There's naebody mair attached to the liberty o' the press,

an' liberty o' speech than mysel', but I dinna' like them extendin' to license. We hae had twa prosecutions instituted lately, ane by the press for an assault, an' ane against the press for libel. In baith cases apologies were accepted, an' proceedings stayed; but ye maunna' consider frae these results that ye may either ca' a man a convic' because ye dinna' like himsel', or assault anither ane because ye dinna' like his style o' reportin' wi' impunity.

I was strongly reminded the tither day o' the line—

“And wretches hang, that Jurymen may dine.”

It's an unco like thing to keep a Judge an' Jury frae their denners, merely in trying to prove the innocence o' a prisoner. Wha's he, I wad like to ken, that the gastric juices o' the Bench, the Bar, an' the box shud be a' deranged for the likes o' him? Sic things shud be nipplit in the bud, an' a limit put to the length o' all trials, say five minutes for petty larceny, ten for highway robbery, an' hauf-an-hoor at the ootside for arson or murder.

I see ae puir fellow has got sax months' extra imprisonment wi' hard labor for something that his counsel said or did. If it's a statutable offence to insinuate onything to the prejudice o' the polis, by a' means punish it, send the errin' lawyer to prison in company wi' his client, but dinna' visit his offence vicariously on the unfortunate prisoner.

Nae doot, if the prisoner in question has ony frien's they'll bring his case afore the Executive; if he hasna', then, he maun dae like ithier frien'less chiels—grin an' bear it.

This letter 'll mak' the twenty-fourth an' last o' the series. It's no sae muckle that I'm fear'd folk 'll get tired o' readin' them—though unlikelier things than that hae happened—

but I'm gettin' unco tired o' writin' them. It's sair wark aye fin'in' faut. Gude kens I wad be only owre glad to gi'e a word o' praise noo an' then to the Ministry or the Parliament if I cud dae't conscientiously, but I canna'. Wi' the exception o' the introducer o' the new Land Bill, o' wham I hae already made honorable mention, and Mr. Carr, wha has dune gude service by his motion anent Government advertisements, I canna' ca' to mind ony member of the Lower Hoos' that's deservin' o' special commendation.

There's a wheen canny bodies in the Upper Hoos', an' that's fast becomin' the favorite branch o' the Legislature; they're a' for hainin' siller, and the tithers for spendin'. They hae dune weel for the kintra in throwin' oot the Bill for borrowin' AUCHT HUN'ER THOOSAN' PUN'S. Man, Jock, jist fancy oor Government haein' the handlin' o' sic a sum, in addition to the ordinar' revenue. Hoo they wad mak' the siller flee! What lots o' useless offices wad be created wi' little to dae an' plenty to get! What heaps o' puir relations wad get Government billets, an' then get compensation for loss o' office when the crash cam' and their incompetency was fun' oot!

An' what wad we hae to show for't a'? A wheen useless bits o' railways, leadin' to nae place in particular, an' that wad be mair costly to us than as mony white elephants. If the Port an' Kapunda lines dinna pay their ain expences, an' we hae to keep on borrowin' siller to keep them gaen', what's like to be the case wi' railways to sic places as Port Wakefield an' Narracoorte.

It's no for lack o' subjec's to animadvert on, or o' abuses to abuse, that I lay doon ma pen; but I'm fear't that if I gang on muckle langer, pintin' oot errors an' blunders, that I

micht turn oot a cankered auld carl, in place o' bein' the genial, gude-natured auld man I am. Hech! its eneuch to soor the milk o' human kindness in onybody's system, to see hoo the colony's misgoverned.

Weel, Jock, I can say that a' I hae written has been dune wi' an honest desire to dae some gude, an' I hae aye striven to avoid personalities. An' noo I wad borrow the Fifeshire-man's toast wi' a slicht alteration, an' wish a merry Christmas, an' happy New Year, to a' the folk in Sooth Australia, an' a' the folk oot o't, no forgettin' yersel', an' Kirstie, an' the bairna.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS McTAVISH.

XXV.—ANENT THE TEETOTALLERS AN' I'THER THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE teetotallers hae been haudin' high festival again, an', as usual, their report bristles wi' statistics eneuch to gar yer hair staun' on en'. There's ae noticeable feature aboot thae chieils; they imagine an unco heap o' figures, an' after they hae ca'd owre them twa three times, they annoonce them to the warld as fac's.

But to gi'e the bodies their due, I'll quote the words o' their ain report. Thet ae paragraph begins:—"From calculations made (based upon statements which have recently been made public, and Government returns) it is found," etc. Then follow the statistics, an' the neist paragraph begins:—"These facts!"

Noo, Jock, I wad maist respec'fully express ma utter disbelief in thirteen millions o' gallons o' colonial beer bein' brewed annually in Sooth Australia; an' if the Committee can show, to ma satisfaction that that portion o' their statement is correc', I'll tak' the pledge mysel'—sae far as colonial beer's concerned.

Supposin' that we admit, for the sake o' argument, that ane o' their fac's is correc', viz., that 14,800,000 gallons o' intoxicating drink are consumed annually in the province, they maun be far wrang in their next fac', that the cost to the consumers is nae mair than £1,484,000. Why, that's but twa shullin's a gallon.

Noo you an' me, Jock, pay for oor whisky a pun' the gallon, for oor brandy aboot twenty-four shullin's, an' for oor beer frae five to sax shullin's; and then we dinna' buy in the dearest market, nor yet in vera sma' quantities. As for sheaoak, it's a drink I dinna' fancy muckle; but I believe it's retail't at aboot twa, an' aucht pence.

If it's true that as muckle liquor is drank here as the teetotallers pit doon, then it cudna' cost the consumers less than three millions o' money—mair nor dooble their estimate. But I wad ask ye, Jock, does it staun' to reason that in this poverty-stricken kintra, if the hail population spent a' their earnin's in drink, they cud spend three millions amang them?

Pit a' they earn in a lump, the wages o' workin' men, the profits o' trade, the Ministers' and ceevil servants' pay, the incomes o' the squatters, fairmers, an' minin' proprietors, the doctors' fees, the lawyers' pickin's, the lan' jobbers' steal—Hech! man, I nearly made a slip o' the pen there—weel, say the lan' jobbers winnin's, an' the plunder secreted by

insolvents; there wad be hard wark to mak' up three millions a year to spen' in drink, even if they didna' leave theirsells ae farden to buy meat an' claes.

An' yet we ken there's heaps o' things folks hae to fin' siller for, an' dae't tae. There's kirks to bigg, seat rents to pay, schulin' for the weans; there's concerts, ba's, theatres, an' races to gang tae—a' costin' siller—there's a hantle o' tea an' sugar used, forbye cakes an' sweeties; there's a' the vanities o' dress to provide for, baith for male an' female; photographs hae to be ta'en, newspapers subscribet tae, teeth to be drawn, hair to be cut, trips ta'en to Glenelg in the summer, the mangle-woman has to be paid, some o' us hae to provide gowd lace, cocked hats an' ither whigmaleries, an' then abune a' there's oor little charities; an' whaur wad a' the siller come frae to settle a' thae bits o' items, if we had already spent mair than we earn in drink?

Then there's the 98½ gallons o' intoxicatin' liquor drank annually by ilka man, woman, an' bairn in the kintra, teetotallers excepted. Do ye ken, Jock, hoo they win at that reckonin'? Weel, I'll tell ye. It's by the same mode o' computation that astronomers ken the distance o' the sun frae the earth. They guess at a quarter o' the distance, an' then multiply by four; an' sae the teetotallers guess at the quantity o' drink consumed in the colony, an' dividin't by the num'er o' inhabitants, they win at the result even to a quarter o' a gallon. It's wun'erfu'!

Sae muckle for the Report. Noo, I winna' deny that there's a gey drap o' drink gangs doon folk's thrapples here, an' maybe it micht be better if it was a wee mair evenly distributed—if some drouthie bodies didna' get sae muckle, an' if some ither pair chiels got a dram whiles instead; but

I canna' believe that ony cause is a gude ane that resorts to sic fearfu' exaggeration, to ca't by a vera mild name. What's mair, I dinna' believe that Sooth Australia consumes per head dooble as muckle drink as England or America, three times as muckle as Sweden, an' twa an' a hauf times as muckle as France.

"It's an ill buird that fouls its ain nest," an' its ma opinion that some o' the teetotallers o' this colony hae jist published a shamefu' slander against their neebours, an' that consequently they maun be unco ill buirds for daein't.

Weel, nae doot this is fine weather for the kintra, but it gi'es us unco clarty streets in the toun. When I was crossin' Rundle Street the day, I was forcibly reminded o' thae beautifu' lines o' the poet o' St. Ringan's—

“ Splash! splash! splash!
In ilka airt ye turn;
Splash! splash! splash!
Like wadin' through a burn!
It's O! for the fit o' a duck—
The nater o' puddock or taid;
For surely it's just for muck like this,
Sic cratures as puddocks were made.”

An' Kirstie tae, puir woman; it was unco vexin' for her gettin' her braw new goon a' spiled wi' the clarty glaur; it's clean ruined. As sure's death, Jock, I dinna' think it 'll be gude for onything but to be gi'en to some puir bodie!

Hech! the Corporation wad feel unco sma' if they kent what Kirstie thocht o' them! “What for, the guid-for-nothing haveril bodies,” says she, “what for do they no get some o' thae street Arabs to sweep their dirty clarty crossin's, so that an honest woman micht gang across without gettin' owre the shoe mooth?”

There's aye sense in what Kirstie says. They're ca'in' oot for some employment for the city Arabs; weel, here's something wants daein', let the Corporation sen' them to dae't. I ken ae leddy wad provide a broom for naething. Then there's a wheen auld codgers in the Destitute Asylum that wadna' be owre weak for sic wark, an' they micht, maybe, earn twa three bawbees at it—eneuch to keep them in tobacco. Deed, wha kens but that some wat day, ane o' oor weel-fed, weel-clad, an' muckle respec't insolvents michtna recognise in the puir auld body that was sweepin' a clean space for his passage, ane o' his victims o' former years, aiblins a destitute milk-man, or green-grocer, an' gi'e the auld carle the price o' a glass o' colonial beer to cheer up the cockles o' his heart? He wadna' enjoy his ain glass o' Bass or Allsopp wi' his lunch a haet the waur, I'll gang bail, an' the neist time he gaed through the Coort the incident micht be mentioned to his credit.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

**XXVI.—ANENT THE VACANT GOVERNORSHIP AN'
ITHER THINGS IN GENERAL.**

By the Panama mail we hear that Mr. Pope Hennessy is still favourably spoken o' for the Governorship o' Sooth Australia. Weel, I'm inclined to think mysel', that it'll no gang muckle ayont speakin' in his case; but if either he or ony ither Roman Catholic is appointed as oor Governor, I'll

mak' ane to sen' a humble petition to Her Most Gracious Majesty for his recall.

Ever since the glorious Revolution o' 1688, it has been unlawfu' for ony Roman Catholic to haud the Croon o' the Three Kingdoms, or for the Sovereign, bein' a Protestant, to marry a Roman Catholic, withoot payin' a penalty whilk, as expressed by Lord Melbourne in the Privy Coouncil, is "simply forfeiture o' the Croon."

Oor Sovereign is, by the British Constitution, necessarily a Protestant, an' I haud that nae Roman Catholic, hooever eminent for ability or liberality o' views, can ever accurately or genuinely represent as viceroy a Protestant sovereign wha is head o' baith Kirk and State.

We hae submitted quietly to sic an unconstitutional anomaly for sax years, but if an attempt be made by a Tory, or ony ither Government, to perpetuate it by appointin' anither Roman Catholic Governor, then it'll behove every guid Protestant to lay sic a grievance at the fit o' the throne, whaur I hae nae doot it wad only need to be represented to receive immediate redress.

It strikes me vera forcibly, Jock, that oor frien's frae the Emerald Isle get a gude heap mair than they're entitled to o' the guid things at the disposal o' the Colonial Office. Oor three last Governors hae a' been Irishmen, an' their united reigns hae lasted for twenty years. Takin' the relative populations o' the three kingdoms into accoont, we wad be entitled to hae ten years o' Scots Governors an' auchty years o' English anes, afore we had anither Irish ane.

I wad be willin', hooever, to let byeganes be byeganes, an' hae them time aboot frae the three kingdoms, an' as Her Most Gracious Majesty is the head o' twa Kirks, an' is an

Episcopalian in England, an' a Presbyterian in Scotland, they micht belang to either o' thae twa denominations, but no to ony ither; that's whaur we draw the line.

It wad be a gran' thing to hae a Scots Governor for a while. It wad raise the tone o' society sae muckle. Noo, I hae been castin' owre in ma mind to recommend some decent honest Scotsman to Gladstone when he wins into office again, an' I canna think o' ane that's better fitted for the post than oor auld frien' Tam Nerney.

Tam's no sae young as he ance was, an' he's thinkin' o' leavin' the British Linen Bank noo, an' retirin' to some easier way o' life. His ain wishes pinted to bein' a gauger, but I'm fear't he wad never win owre thae weary competitive examinations. It was a fine trade—a gauger's, in ma young days, an' a' ye needed to get in, was a bit recommendation frae the Duke—in the west kintra, at ony rate. But noo it wad puzzle Locke or Newton, or even Adam Smith, to answer ae hauf o' the questions they pit to ye. Afore ye can be made a gauger noo, ye hae to read Homer at the openin' o' the buik, gi'e yer reasons for believin' or disbelieven' in the authenticity o' Ossian's Poems, explain the differential calculus, pint oot hoo ye wad fin' the longitude at sea in a thick fog, an' wi' yer chronometer smashed to bits, show by baith inductive an' deductive reasonin' that Prester John was a myth, tell the names an' ages o' Solomon's wives, gi'e the exac' num'er o' acres in the Garden o' Eden, name the first discoverer o' the sources o' the Nile, an' the man that invented shandygaff, an' answer scores o' ither questions that hae nae mair to dae wi' gaugin' than a wheen o' oor Sooth Australian Ac's o' Parliament hae to dae wi' either law or sense.

Noo, Tam's a clever chiel, but I doot if he cud manage a' that; but then ye see, there's nae examination required for a Governor—ilka thing's ta'en for granted. Then he's a Presbyterian to the backbane, an' a' for Kirk an' State. If he has a faut it's maybe that he's gey fond o' a dram; but that, ye ken, is a virtue in a gauger, an' in a Governor it cudna' be mair than an amiable weakness. At ony rate, I'll be boun' he wadna' help to drink ony o' thae thirteen millions o' gallons o' colonial ale. Na, na, Tam aye liked a drap o' something short!

An' I'll say this muckle for Tam, wha has been a rulin' elder for the last twenty years, that he's aye quiet in his drink!

But noo I cum to his gran' qualification, an' that wad be nae sma' ane here, whaur birth an' rank are sae muckle lippened tae; for ye see it's human nature to value maist what we haena' got. Tam's weel connec'it. His frien's are high. He's a far awa relative o' the great Duke o' Argyle himsel', the King o' the Hielan's an' a' the Europes i' Scotland!

An' this connection, mind ye, is nane o' yer roon'about forty-second cuisin kin' o' relationships, but it's weel defined. Tam's uncle, by the faither's side, married the Laird o' Kittle-Oxter's niece, a humpy-backed young leddy o' forty-seeven. I mind her weel, a gruesome carline. Weel, the last Laird o' Kittle-Oxter but twa, had a brither that was transported to the plantations for bein' oot in the Forty Five, an' hech, he had a narrow escape o' haein' his craig raxed. Hooever he got on weel in Virginia an' made siller as a nigger-driver, an' then as a planter, an cam' hame an' biggit a gran' hoose doon bye Stirlin', ca't Skelpie Ha'.

Weel he deed in the Auchty Nine, an' left twa dochters, co-heiresses, that were a wee dark in the colour, haein' a drap o' black blude in their veins.

But siller does awa wi' a' petty distinctions, an' sae the young leddies were muckle socht after; though their lips were maybe a thocht owre thick, an' their noses had mair o' breadth than length, still the lasses wer'na' a haet the waur. An' thae twa neer-do-weel hempies, the Lairds o' Inverclaw an' Glenscart, after rinnin' through a' their property wi' the Prince an' his randie crew, were fidgin' fain to get haud o' some o' the auld nigger-driver's siller, even wi' its encumbrances. Sae the lasses bein' naething laith; there were twa gran' weddin's in ae day. It wadna' hae dune, ye ken, for the Duke to hae been present himsel' when the leddies wer'na' pure white, but he sent ane o' his factors to gi'e the brides awa', an' that was surely gude eneuch for the likes o' them.

Noo, ye'll understan' Tam's connection wi' the Duke, for every ane kens that the first Lairds o' Inverclaw an' Glenscart were seeventh cuisins an' squires o' the body to the great Duke o' Argyle in Queen Anne's time.

Ha! ha! lad, there's no mony colonial Governors that cud speak wi' sae muckle truth as Tam Nerney cud, o' ma cuisin the Duke!

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XXVII.—ANENT THE WIMMERA RAILWAY, AN' ITHHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

NAE doot in the coorse o' yer lang an' weel-spent life, Jock, ye may hae seen a wheen monkeys bein' fed in a menagerie, when ilka ane neglec's it's ain dish an' tries to feed oot o' it's neebour's. They spill a heap mair nor they get, an' while the tane's stealin' frae the tither, it's ain dish is bein' cleared oot in the same fashion.

Mankind are no unlike to the monkeys in this respec', an' Colonies, mair especially Sister Colonies, are no a'thegither averse to similar tricks. The latest phase o' tryin' to help yersel' oot o' yer neebour's dish, that has cam' under ma notice, is the proposal to mak' a railway frae Port Caroline to Apsley, whilk is to hae the effec' o' "tappin' the Wimmera," as they ca't, an' bringin' Victorian trade into Sooth Australia. As short sighted as their prototypes the monkeys, oor legislators 'll fin' oot in time that robbin' their neebour's dish an' neglectin' their ain is an unprofitable proceedin' in the en'.

Spite o' a' the fallacious statistics that may be cookit o' the rents paid for runs, an' the num'er o' sheep depastured in the district to be "tappit" by the line, it will be clearly shown, should this fantastical scheme be carried oot, that takin' a horse to the water, an' garin' him drink are twa distinc' an' separate operations.

To suppose that the Wimmera squatters 'll break aff their commercial relations wi' Melbourne hooses, an' leave aff their dealin's wi' kent folk to gang to uncós, for nae advantage ava to theirsells, but jist to please the whigmaleeries o' a wheen

bodies that ocht to be inside the wa's o' an asylum, is stretchin' the imagination to some extent. But to expect that they'll pay mair to sen' their oo' to an ootport, that they'll rin extra risks, pay mair for insurance, incur lang an' vexatious delays, an' finally get tippence a pun' less for't in the Lunnun market, because shippit frae a Sooth Australian in place o' a Victorian port, is jist to conclude that the squatters that are to be "tappit" are natural-born gowks and idewuts.

But it's jist on a par wi' the maist o' oor legislation. There's the Port Augusta Railway noo, that wad open up a fine extent o' rich mineral kintra, an' bridge owre the rainless trac', bringin' the weel-grassed regions o' the interior near haun' tae us. That wad be something wise-like to attemp'. But, na! na! that's a' in oor ain dish. There wad be nae credit to be got by bringin' doon oor ain produce.

If the Northern Territory belanged to Queensland noo, an' there was the ghaist o' a chance o' gettin' ever sae sma' a morsel oot o' a neebour monkey's dish, why then it wad be a different thing a'thegither. Some heaven, or elsewhere-born minister an' engineer wad arise an' recommend that Queensland shud be "tappit" at ance. Surveys wad be made, an' afore ye could say Jack Robison, twa three hun'er thoosan' o' bonds wad be on their way to England on accoont o' the Blinman an' Adam Bay Direct Junction. The only topic o' debate wad be whether the line shud begin at lake Hope or Central Mount Stuart; for nae Sooth Australian Government wad ever think o' beginnin' a railway at the sea-board. Hech! the wise men o' Gotham that gaed to sea in a bowl, were sages compared wi' oor rulers.

Noo, I dinna think we're exac'ly ripe for railways yet; but if they maun fin' employment for their tribes o' engineers

an' surveyors, why not try a line whaur there wad be a slicht prospect o' some traffic, hooever sma'. There's the Darlin' noo, every year or twa it neglec's to rise. Thoosan's o' bales o' oo' are lyin' waitin' to be fetched. Hun'ers o' puir folk are gane short o' rations.

There's a legitimate trade already established, an' o' some extent. A railway to the Darlin' wad "let daylight into" some o' oor ain territory, an' dae guid to some o' oor ain folk. Ah! that's a' very fine, ma frien'; ony gowk cud mak' water rin doon hill, but it tak's a statesman to mak' it rin the ither road. If the oo' doesna' come doon the Darlin' the tae year it will the neist, an' if the bodies are short o' rations, they canna' starve sae lang's they hae plenty o' mutton.

There wad be mair satisfaction in bringin' ae sheep's heed frae the Winnmera than a' the oo' an' fat stock produced on the Darlin'.

As for the Port Augusta Railway, that's sae manifestly a gude speculation that croods o' capitalists are fechtin' wha's to mak' it; but oor Government are sae far-seein' and sae intent on their neebor's dish, that they'll neither mak' the railway theirsells nor let ony ither body dae't, but sit like a dog in the manger, turnin' owre a' applicants to the Circumlocution Office.

Do ye mind in ane o' Galt's novels whaur there's an auld writer, what the English bodies ca' a lawyer, at the pint o' death? Like the maist o' his tribe he hadna' erred in leadin' owre examplary a life, sae he was sair bewailin' o' his misdeeds. Noo, there was anither auld writer wi' him, an' he was naething laith to console the puir deein' sinner, but kennin' what he did o' him, he was unco pit tae't to fin' oot

ony atom o' comfort. At last a bright thocht struck him. "Man," says he, "Ye're no sae bad after a', ye're no sae vera bad, let me see, noo. Ye never worshipped graven images, did ye?" An' neither he had, it hadna' come in his way, but that was aboot the only sin the auld deen' writer hadna' committed.

Noo the present Government o' Sooth Australia, as weel as former anes, are no a'thegither bad. Dootless, like the auld writer, it'll be hard to fin' oot ony redeemin' feature in their proceedin's. Weel, I'll tell ye. Amang a' the nonsensical Ac's, the contradictory Ac's, the impracticable Ac's, the inequitable Ac's, that hae sprung frae that hotbed o' repugnancy an' invalidity in North-terrace, there has been ae saving clause, nane o' them extended to Scotland.

The hail o' the universal warld, the Isle o' Man, Batavia, Timbuctoo, the Channel Islands, Fiji, Walrussia, were a' legislated for on North-terrace, but they kent Scotland wadna' pit up wi' their haivers, an' sae they wisely exceptit her. It's a prood distinction. The Northern Territory Ac', the Dog Ac', the Width o' Tires Ac' are no bindin' in Scotland, nor by a parity o' reasonin' on Scotsmen, an' let the first Scotsman that's brocht afore Mr. Beddome for no haein' a tire as wide as a garden roller, plead exemption on that grun.'

Weel, ye see, auld Saunders wasna' far wrang aboot the Governorship. We're to hae a Scotsman, as I said, though I maun confess I wad hae likit better if we had had a Hielan'man, but ye canna' get everything in this vale o' tears.

Tam Nerney, ye see, had nae chance sae lang as the Tories were in office, for they be't to gi'e the best things

to their ain frien's, but when oor side gets in, I hae the promise o' the first gaugership for Tam; that was what he aye ettled to get, an' he's weel fitted for it.

Nae doot it's a loss to the colony, but we hae gotten oor richts at last wi' haein' a Scots Governor, an' it's to be hopit ilka ane's as weel pleased as

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XXVIII.—ANENT THE WIMMERA RAILWAY, AN' ITHAR THINGS IN GENERAL.

It's no a bad thing, Jock, to hae a partial freen', mair especially if he's in the Ministry, for he can whiles pit something in yer way that 'll pit a trifle in yer pooch, an' naebody a bit the'wiser or the waur. I dinna' mind, hooever, that I was ever muckle the better o' yer freen'ship sae far as the siller gaed, an' I dinna' ken exac'ly whether ye merit praise or blame for sen'in' a' ma letters to the *Adverteeser*. I'm owre auld noo to hae muckle vanity left, at least mair nor ma neebours; still, nae doot it's gratifyin' that after ye an' Kirstie hae had the news o' the day frae me, ye shud think it desirable to let the readers o' the *Express* an' *Chronicle* get it at secon' haun'.

I see that some youthfu' tyro frae wham, considerin' the honored name he bears, or lays claim tae, it's to be hopit better things may be lukit for than this, his maiden effort, has thocht fit to fin' faut wi' some remarks I made in ma last letter to ye anent that fearfu' monstrosity, the proposed Port Caroline an' Wimmera Railway.

Far be it frae me to discourage the pursuit o' literature amang the ingenuous youth o' this province, whether their early attemp's are made in English or in an imitation o' the auld Scottish tongue. But ye see, the warst o' thae bits o' callants is that they're wantin' in reverence to their elders an' betters. No but what this young shaver has gumption enouch to dub himsel' ma freen', kennin' fine that onything frae the pen o' a freen' o' the McTavish wad be read wi' interest owre the length an' breadth o' the land, a'thegither irrespective o' its intrinsic merits.

Naebody wad ever guess frae the context that the writer was a freen' o' mine; hooever, we'll examine his claim fairly, an' even gi'e him the benefit o' a doot.

He ca's himsel' "Jamie Tamson, ane o' John Tamson's bairns." Weel, John Tamson was ane o' ma auldest freen's. We were at the schule thegither near haun' fifty years ago. He was a braw chiel, John, but aboot the last man to be persuadit to try ony scheme on the grun' that ye cud rob yer neebour by it. Na, na, his motto aye was "Let every herrin' hing by its ain tail." I never heard that John had a son doon Lacepede Bay way, but its jist possible. Sae we'll gi'e the puir chiel the benefit o' the doot, and admit that he *may* be ane o' John Tamson's bairns, but ye ken the auld sayin'—"It's a wise bairn that kens his ain faither."

It wasna' weel dune o' him to accuse an' auld freen' o' his faither o' no kennin' his geography. Losh bless the callant, when I was at schule a' that was kent aboot Australia was that we sent thieves there, to a place ca't Botany Bay, discovered by Captain Cook, wha made a' thae wun'erfu' voyages.

Even noo they dinna' condescend to mony particulars in

the schules in the auld kintra. It's a mistaken notion that the bairns learn aff by heart the names o' a' the District Cooncils here, as we had to dae wi' the French Departments. An' that was aye the kittlest pairt o' the geography. When I was at the parish schule o' Ballahullish twa three years sin' syne—an' a better schule there's no i' the three kingdoms, though hauf the scholars are barefitted—it was the examination day, an oot o' compliment they gi'ed the geography class their Australian lesson. Weel, they gaed owre the names o' the colonies an' the capital toons glibly enuch, but that was a'; no a word about the Northern Territory, nor yet ane o' the ootports mentioned. An' as for Kingston, Port Caroline, an' Lacepede Bay, the vera maister himsel', if he had been askit, wad hae thocht they were in three different pairts o' the warld, an' wad never hae guessed that they were a' the same place.

A body may ken a heap about geography without kennin' whaur the Wimmera is, an' I doot vera muckle if there's mony members o' the Geographical Society that ever heard it's name.

Hooever, I'm no abune mentionin' that I hae seen the Wimmera, an' that I'm no entirely unacquaint wi' some o' the bonny bits o' swamp that lie atween it an' Lacepede Bay; an' heh, Jock, atween you and me, the mair I saw o' them the less I likit them.

To the like o' me, Jock, it doesna' matter muckle personally hoo far the credit o' the colony is involved in makin' useless railways frae places naebody ever gangs tae, tae ither places whaur naebody ever cam' frae in the memory o' man. A' the bits o' savin's I hae managed to hain are unco portable. A stockin' fit, an' that no ane o' the largest

size, 'll haud them a', an' as sune as I see things hae cam' to the warst, an' the creels are gane to be cowpit a'thegither, I'll trintle cannily awa' oot' o' the mess to the auld kintra, whaur I can mak' sure o' ma parritch an' milk, wi' a sheep's head on Sunday, an' a drap o' gude whusky a' the year roun'; an' what mair cud mortal man desire?

But it's the likes o' you, Jock, that 'll suffer, when yer bits o' acres that ye meant to leave ahint you to yer bairns are seized by the Shera' officers an' ye're rowpit oot o' hoose an' hame, to pay the debts incurred by the Government in makin' a' thae useless railways, an' are turned oot in the world in yer auld age, a puir auld fusionless carle, wi' naething starin' ye in the face but beggary an' starvation. An' naething cud be harder, I think, than for a man like you, that has been through the Coort, an' got the upper haun' o' yer creditors sae neatly, an' saved yer property in sic a wise-like manner, to hae't ta'en frae ye in sic a way.

Look to it, Jock, you an' yer brither landowners. It's yer property that's gi'en in pledge for the money borrowed to be squandered in thae railways that 'll never pay in the creation o' cats an' dogs. If the Port an' Kapunda railways, in a comparatively populous district, dinna pay their expenses, hoo can railways owre deserts an' swamps be onything but ruinous?

As for gettin' some o' the siller repaid by duties on goods to be consumed in the Wimmera District, that's a' haivers. The Victorians are no gomerils; they're no entirely devoid o' reason; an' the first thing they'd dae, if the railway was made, wad be to clap a Custom Hoose at the terminus, an' then what wad become o' the thoosan's an' millions that were to come into the Sooth Australian treasury?

Ye'll maybe think I hae gi'en owre muckle prominence to Jamie Tamson's bit essay. It's no unlikely that I hae, but this maunna' be ta'en as a precedent. I canna' be expect'it to reply to every land-louper that threeps he's a freen' o' mine, an' for the future I'll tak' nae notice o' ony sic letter addressed to me personally.

In fair argument I never feared the face o' clay yet, an' I'll no begin noo. If there's ony mair o' John Tamson's bairns that hae a craw to pick wi' me, let them address their letters to the Editor, an' I'll reply to them. I'm no particular; they're welcome to use prose or verse, English or Scots, aye, or ony ither tongue they like, barrin' Sanscrit, an' twa or three sic languages, that I'm no quite sae gleg at as in my younger days.

Av coorse this wad hae to be wi' a due regard to the po'ors o' the compositors, an' wi' the permission o' the Editor; for I wadna' like to see this "correspondence maun be continued in oor advertreesin' columns." That wadna' suit me ava.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

**XXIX.—ANENT THE NEW MINISTRY AN' THE CARAN-
DINIS, WT AN INTERMEDIATE DISSERTATION
UPON KISSIN'.**

If ever ony Government committed suicide, the last ane did wi' their new fangled land resolutions. What for did they no bide as they were, let weel alane, an' let some ither body rin his head again sic a stane wa'? I was unco fashed to

fin' that Alick Hay cudna' see his way clear to tak' up the reins. Wi' a Scots Governor, a Scots Premier, an' a Scots pheelosopher at their back to aid them wi' his advice when in kittle straits, the colony wad rapidly hae approached a state o' millennial prosperity. But that wasna' to be. I suppose the puir bodies here werna' jist ripe for sic an avalanche o' blessings.

Ye'll agree wi' me, Jock, that we sairly wanted a change, an' although the new Ministry doesna' coont a Scotsman amang them, still I'm vera muckle inclined to grant them ma support. To insure its continuance, hooever, they maun set to wark briskly to correc' some o' the numerous errors o' their predecessors, an' wi' maist especial reference to the Width o' Tires Ac'. It's nae mair than natural that puir folk shud be oppressed, an' sae lang as it was mere carters an' sic like that were pulled up afore the Bench by the informers, an' fined in the matter o' a week or twa's wages, I wadna' think o' interferin'. It's jist what they had a richt to expec', being puir an' hard-workin'.

But when it appears that buggies an' carriages are liable to the same provisions, it's high time to hae a change. Losh, man! think o' the fearfu' consequences that wad ensue if a lan' agent was fined for takin' hame a poke o' sweeties to his bairns, or a pun' o' pork sausages for a relish to his Sunday's denner in a vehicle that hadna' his name pented on it. Twenty new Lan' Ac's wadna' be sae fearsome.

What an unco stramash they hae kickit up in Melbourne aboot a reverend gentleman that's been charged wi'—what?—committin' a' the seven cardinal sins? Na! no quite sae bad as that; but no far ahint. It's said that some years sin' syne he kissed a leddy o' his congregation! Weel, what

then? Maist minister's wives sit in the kirk their guid-man hauds forth in. Some ministers hae sisters, cuisins, aunties, grannies, guid-sisters, an' female freen's o' various degrees that may a' happen to be leddies a' their congregation; an' what for shudna they kiss them?

There's ae sang that says, "The minister kissed the fiddler's wife, an' cudna' preach for thinkin' o't." Aye, but ye'll say that's a daft-like sang, an' a douce man like you shudna' lippen to that. Weel, I'll gi'e in to ye. We'll excep' fiddler's wives, for there's na doot that if a minister cudna' preach after kissin' a fiddler's wife, it wad, to a certain extent, impair his usefulness. For ma ain pairt, when I was a bit laddie, I aye ettled to get waggin' ma pow in a pu'pit, for I was under a strong impression that I wad be entitled to gi'e the richt haun' o' fellowship to a' the brethren, an the kiss o' peace to a' the sisters. What is a kiss? "Humid seal o' fond affection," says the poet. "There's naething wrang in a kiss," says common sense, it's a mere pledge o' gude will atween the sexes. In a' ages, an' amang a' peoples except the maist barbarous, the practice o' osculation has been universal. An' there's mony sorts o' kisses; there's the kiss o' affection, the kiss o' courtesy, the kiss o' hospitality, the kiss o' peace, an' the Judas's kiss; an' a' thae kisses hae their varieties an' gradations.

For instance, what an unco differ atween the first an' the last kiss. In the first kiss there's a brief taste o' that happiness that existed in Paradise afore sin entered in an' tainted wi' its felon breath the pure an' primeval felicity o' the human race.

But the last kiss? A' is owre at length. Ye hae seen her yer vera soul was wrapped up in slowly fade awa'. Nae

human means cud arrest the fell approach o' disease. Ye hae tended her wi' mair than a woman's tenderness. Grieved as ye hae been to see her droop an' decay, ye hae tried to smile for her sake when yer vera heart was breakin,' for ye cudna' thole that she shud learn the utter desolation that possessed yer spirit when ye thocht o' the bitter cup ye had to drink.

An' sae she has passed awa' wi' a smile on her lips an' her haun' clasped in yours. An' noo ye stan' alane in the chamber o' death; alane wi' her. There she lies in the dead-kist in the awfu' apparel o' mortality, an' afore the lid is screwed doon ye tak' ae lang last lingerin' look on her that was the licht o' yer existence, the vera apple o' yer e'e. Ye canna see the bonny blue een that never met yours but wi' glances o' tenderest love, for they are steekit by the grim haun' o' Death, but the glossy broon curls that hae sae often danced in the sunlicht are still the same. Ye cut ane aff to be worn ever after next yer heart, an' ye tak' ae last kiss o' the clay cauld lips. A shiver runs through yer hail frame at the icy touch o' the dead.

There's nae answerin' pressure frae thae lips that never met yours afore but wi' a throb o' welcome. The lilies on her bosom are no whiter than these cheeks that were wont to flush wi' joy at your approach. On the pale an' marble brow there is nae sympton o' thought or feelin,' an' as ye gaze for the last time on the much loved features, ye can realise the mighty difference atween a first an' a last kiss.

But what am I haiverin' aboot? I had maist began to be pathetic, an' was wanderin' frae ma text. Supposin' the minister in question did kiss ane o' his congregation some years since, mind ye, was that a faut? Kiasin' gangs by favor, sae they say, an' it's as like as no that the originator o' the

report was ane that wanted to get a kiss himsel' an' didna'. Was there ane o' them that hadna' either kissed a bonny lass himsel', or wished he had had the chance? True piety and propriety aye gang haun' in haun'. For baith I hae a great respec', but Pharisaical hypocrisy I abominate; an' ma opinion is, that the reverend pastor has been badly used amang thae rigidly righteous.

Man! this wad be a dreary warld if kissin' was dune awa wi'. I wad maist as sune dae without whusky. It wad be a question for a Debatin' Society whilk o' the twa cud be maist easily dispensed wi'.

An' sae ye haena' been to hear the Carandinis yet! Ye mind what the auld Heathen Emperor, puir body, used to say when he cudna' mak' a fair bargain wi' his conscience at night, "I hae lost a day." Weel, let me tell ye that ilka day that gangs past till ye hear them, ye may consider ye hae lost a day. A man that has cam' to ma time o' life, an' has heard twa or three generations o' singin' men an' singin' women skirlin' at his lugs, is no vera easy to please. An' then, when ye hae turned three score, ye're apt to think that the sangs ye hae listened tae in yer youth were the sweetest.

Still, I maun confess that to hear thae twa charmin' young lassies singin' thegither was maist like a new sensation to me. The hail o' their performances baith in playin' and singin' were admirable, but that bonny duet, "Trust her not, she is fooling thee," was an exquisite gem. I canna' ca' to min' ever hearin' onything I liket better. No that it's muckle use warnin' folk to beware, for, as Charlie Fox used to observe, that next to winnin' at cards the greatest pleasure was losin', sae I think that to be fooled by a bonnie lassie is the neist best thing to bein' favored by her.

They're a' muckle alike in bamboozlin' ye, I think, an' there's few o' us, even Baptists included, that haena' been cajoled mair than ance by the dear delightfu,' deludin,' deceivin,' bewitchin' bits o' things, bless their hearts!

Dinna lose anither day; tak' Kirstie wi' ye—that's to say if she'll enter a theatre—for I ken she's gey an' strait-laced; tak' a' the bairns, an' induce yer freens an' neebours to gang tae. Ye'll never hae a greater treat. Od! man, if the music o' the spheres is only ae hauf as gude as the singin' o' the twa Miss Carandinis, I'll admit that the spheres wad be rather a desirable place o' residence. Either o' them separately is charming, but the twa thegither are perfection.

O' glances bewitchin' an' smiles they are lavish;
Yer e'en they'll entrance an' yer lugs they will ravish.
Hech! they fairly enchanted auld

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

XXX.—ANENT THE MOONT BARKER ELECTION, INSPECTOR GALBRAITH, AN' ITHIER THINGS IN GENERAL.

WEEL, naebody can accuse the Moont Barker electors o' placin' owre high a value on their votes. Far frae bein' as ye micht hae expec't it in sic a close contest either arrogant in their manners or exactin' in their demands, they maist gaed owre the score the ither way, an' allo't themsells to be ta'en to the poll in squads for a mere trifle. Jist whatever cam' handiest wad dae, a pun' note, a glass o' beer, a hurl in a cart, twa three days holiday to see the auld woman, wi' the

promise o' their wages bein' paid a' the same, whilk promise, by the way, wasna' kept. *

There was ae puir chiel that was pit aff wi' an auld sark, wi' ae sleeve an' nae tail, an' yet if he had had gumption eneuch he micht hae had three pun'; for that's what the voters were appraised at, an' three pun' wad hae coft him a dizzen o' new Scotch twills, wi' a white sark or twa for Sundays. Man, I think that was aboot the meanest equivalent that's been gi'en for a vote yet. Hech! if I was gane to sell mine, I'd hae something mair for't than an auld sark wi' ae sleeve an' nae hin'er en'.

For the future, I hope the free an' independent electors o' Moont Barker, noo that they ken their ain value, 'll tak' a firm stan', let ilka ane share alike, an' no vote be recorded under three pun' the piece, besides beer. An' deed, Jock, if I was sure there wad often be three elections followin' sae fast on ane anither, I wad be muckle inclined to hae ma ain name on the Moont Barker roll, an' turn an honest penny like the lave.

Noo comes the question—Wha's to pay the expenses o' the third election? The hun'er an' fifty pun' that the sittin' member had to pay was only to cover the expenses o' the petitioners. But is't at a fair an' reasonable that because bribes are gi'en an' ta'en at Moont Barker, that the hail o' the lave o' the virtuous an' unbriable residents o' the colony are to be taxed wi' the expenses o' anither election? If I had ma way o't I'd prosecute every mither's son o' them, baith them that took bribes an' them that gi'ed them. I'd vindicate the purity o' the ballot-box, an' I'd fine them richt an' left till I mair than recouped the kintra for the expenses it has incurred.

A bonny story this'll be for some o' the English press. See if the *Saturday Review* or the *Despatch* doesna' get haud o't an' expose the warkin' o' democratic institutions in Australia, whaur wi' baith universal suffrage an' vote by ballot, free an' independent electors can be induced to vote by sic a valuable consideration as an auld tail-less sark wantin' ae sleeve.

Noo ye can understaun' the meanin' o' the advertisements ye whiles see in the London papers, "Wanted, cast-off clothes for Australia." I never kent hoo they were disposed o' afore. An' in future amang the advice to candidates 'll be "Noo, look oot yer auld claes; ony bits o' duds that are owre bad even to be gi'en to the puir, an' that the blacks wadna' tak' at a gift, reserve for the purpose o' bribin' the free an' independent."

Ye want to ken aboot that chiel Galbraith. Weel, I hae lookit into his case, an' I maun confess that I think he's been hardly dealt wi'. Although I dinna' consider him a'thegither blameless in the coorse o' that lang an' acrimonious correspondence lately published by order o' the Hoose, still I think he's been mair sinned against than sinnin'. He wad hae dune better no to hae imputed ony motives to ither folk in his correspondence; but ye ken even a worm 'll turn on ye if ye trample on it, and why wadna' a Hielan'man do the same?

Certainly some o' the complaints made against Galbraith by his superior officer were trumpery eneuch, an' the stoppage o' his salary for sax months was an arbitrary ac', that I think hasna' occurred in the service afore, an' was eneuch to mak' a parson swear, let alane an Inspector o' Sheep.

Atween the twa o' them, the Commissioner o' Croon Lands

maun hae had a bonny time o't. The wun'er to me is that he didna' tak' a scunner at them baith lang syne; but he exhibited the patience o' Job, an' held the scales o' justice gey an' even atween them.

Galbraith committed ae gran' mistak' last year, which ought to operate as a warnin' to a' zealous subordinates in future. He fun' oot scab to exist whaur his superior officer said it didna', an' though it was proved demonstratively (*vide* report of Select Committee on scab in Sheep, 1867) that Galbraith was richt an' his superior wrang, still the fac' remained, he had been guilty o' pronouncin' that to be the scab which the Chief Inspector said was only rash.

Afore that time there was nae complaint against Galbraith. Since then there's been ae lang tiresome series o' charges laid against him, whilk I venture to affirm wadna' hae been the case but for that discovery o' scab at Wellington in 1867.

Hooever, whatever fau'ts Galbraith micht hae committed, they had a' been condoned or forgien by the Commissioner, when, behold! anither creesis, an' a new Commissioner arose who knew not Joseph. At this juncture the unfortunate Inspector applied for aucht days' leave o' absence. The new Commissioner, wha had only been enjoyin' his new dignity an' its modest salary for twa three days, replied to this by insistin' on his takin' three months' leave withoot salary.

When Oliver Twist askit for mair, the hail warkhoose was in an uproar, but he wasna' punished sae severely as the unhappy Inspector, wha had the audacity to petition for aucht days' leave o' absence frae a bran-new Commissioner.

As to the proposed new Land Bills, they a' fail in ae important particular. They dinna' provide for the exter-

mination o' the land agents; an' the last ane o' a' wad jist settle them comfortably, like sae mony horse-leeches on the nape o' the neck o' the puir fairmers, that wad hae to pay the balance o' their purchase money in twal' months. I suggested ance afore that the agents shud a' be hangit; an' if the bodies had ony patriotism they wadna' wait for that, but wad mak' a holocaust o' theirsells at ance, an' devote their ill-gotten gains, ae hauf to the State an' the tither to the distressed agriculturists, as some sma' compensation for the injury they hae dune to baith.

I canna' think what's come owre the lads o' the farinaceous village that they dinna' gang wi' their lasses in croods to hear thae twa charmin' singers, the Misses Carandinis. Unless, indeed, it's the lasses that are feared their lads wad be every ane fascinated by the glamour an' witchery o' their een an' voices. In yere pairt o' the kintra I ken the lasses are abune sic idle fears, an' I hope they may hae mair success there, for hooever muckle they may get, it canna' be equal to their deserts.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

**XXXI.—ANENT RETRENCHMENT, DRESS COATS, AN'
THER THINGS IN GENERAL.**

It's a frichtsome thing, Jock, when a shipwrecked crew hae to come to the last dreadfu' expedient that ane maun dee to support the lives o' the rest for a wee while langer. Decidedly unpleasant as sic an ac' o' cannibalism maun be

to the ane that's eaten, it's aften o' little use to the rest, wha for the maist pairt, after gorgin' theirsells wi' their horrid meal, die in ravin' madness.

- Some sic plan, I hear, is to be tried among the Stipendiaries. Three o' them are doomed by oor economical Parliament to instant extinction, an' it's proposed that a fourth shud be sacrificed to yield anither quarter's existence to the fated three. Wha is the lot to fa' on? Whilk ane is to be eaten, an' what three are to perish theirsells after aidin' in the destruction o' their fellow? Questions, nae doot, o' absorb'in' interest to a' the S.M.'s in the service.

Uneasy lies the head that serves a Democratic Government. Nae doot after burnin' the can'le at baith en's, as oor precious Governments hae been daein' for years past, retrenchment is needfu', but it ocht to be exercised wi' some judgment. A man shud hae time to look aboot him a wee afore he's turned adrift. An' but for the blameable delay in summonin' the Parliament last session, an' the strugglin' for office after, the Estimates micht hae been passed six months syne, an' them that were to be loppit aff wad hae had time to look oot for some ither way o' earnin' their bread. Ony Government officers dismissed noo 'll be treated wi' an amoont o' harshness an' injustice that nae private employer wad be guilty o'.

A mair flagitious an' inequitable abuse o' authority has never yet, in ma knowledge, disgraced a Sooth Australian Government than the dismissal o' Inspector Galbraith, after forcin' him to tak' three months' leave o' absence without pay. It's waur than the treatment o' Major Warburton; an', guidness kens, that was bad eneuch to sink a ship!

Ane o' the best officers in the service, whase ability an'

activity hae been vouched for by them that hae the best knowledge o' the fac's, has been sacrificed on accoot o' a conscientious discharge o' his duty without respect to persons, aye, an' without even the warnin' that a domestic servant is entitled to.

Following in the wake o' the Government, an' wi' a mair arbitrary stretch o' authority, come oor civic rulers, provin' maist conclusively that a Corporation has neither a soul to be saved, nor a body to be kicked. I see they hae managed to get rid o' the Toon Clerk, a man wha has serv'd the city weel for mony years, an' kens mair aboot municipal matters than the hail lot o' them pit thegither. At ae clean sweep they dismissed every ane in their employment, an' at twa or three days notice! Why, the man that wad ac' in that way in his private business wad be scouted frae society, an' serv' him richt tae.

They hae a new notion i' their heads noo to gi'e us nae gas in the lamps after tippence in the pun' was voted for the express purpose, an' yet the same chiels that wad condemn us to walk in darkness, an' wad exercise their wits in takin' five or ten pun's aff a hard warkin' man's salary, wad squander thoosan's in makin' a dam across the Torrens, when the first bit spate that comes doon the burn—ye canna' ca't a river—wipes it oot as clean as a laddie 'll dight the figures aff his slate at schule.

I was minded the ither day by a letter frae a reverend gentleman published here, o' the awfu' wark some Yankee made twa three years sin' syne, because he wasna' admitted to Her Majesty's Levee in a frock coat. The bletherin' body was neither to haud nor to bin', an' wanted to get up a war atween Great Britain an' the States, on accoot o' what he

ca't an insult to an American citizen. Hech! I hope that, noo oor Volunteer Force is bein' disbanded, we'll no be draggit into ony dispute wi' a European Power.

Noo, in reference to this letter, which frae bein' rather ostentatiously published in baith the daily papers, is decidedly a fair subjec' for criticism, I maun disclaim a' intention o' initiatin' a religious discussion. I'm owre genial an' gude-tempered, hae owre tender a regard for the feelin's o' ithers, owre muckle o' the milk o' human kindness, an' owre little gall an' wormwood in ma composition to shine in that line, sae I'll tak' it in its social aspec' only. Muckle reason I think had the writer to say, "Save me frae my freen's;" an' whiles I'm at a loss whilk to admire at maist—the fantastic egotism that cud pen sic puerile details, or the vain an' mistaken fondness that wad insist in haein' them published.

Admittin' that the North Adelaide Congregation were the best judges in the warld o' what was the maist elegant an' becomin' garment for their minister, it was surely owre muckle to expec' that the etiquette o' the Papal Coort was to be upset on that accoont. The excuse that it had their approval, wadna' hae admitted him to the Opera in a frock coat, for a' his objections to swallow tails; an' why then to the presence o' a Temporal Prince, wha has laid doon certain regulations as to the costume o' those permitted the honor o' seein' him?

It may suit some folk to deny that His Holiness the Pope is a Temporal Sovereign, *de jure*, but a' maun admit that he is still ane *de facto*, an curious Australian ministers that want to hae a sicht o' a European Potentate, maun submit to clothe themsells in the ordinary garb o' gentlemen on sic occasions.

Losh man, Jock! if every ane had their ain, The McTavish nicht hae been sittin' on the throne o' his ancestors at this vera moment. An' do ye think that I wad admit ony ane without the regulation dress, unless he had the richt to wear a uniform or an official costume? Na! na! ilka mither's son o' them wad hae to wear the kilt, bandy-leggit, spindle-shankit, an' a', "whatever just an' constitutional repugnance" they nicht hae to sic o' garb, though they were a' the Congregational Unions rowed into ane.

If they didna' pit on the kilt, they just wadna' win in to see me.

It's to be hopit that the Congregational Union here will, on his return, deal firmly, but tenderly wi' their errin' brither, wha, by his ain confession, gangs to Romish Kirks on Sundays, settin' a bonny example to his ain flock, wha are left without a shepherd, exposed to "the insidious efforts o' Australian priests," whilst he gangs stravaigin' about the City o' the Seeven Hills.

Gude kens I hae nae objection to his stoppin' there a'thegither, either convertin' the Pope or bein' perverted himsel', but can he no leave ither folk alane?

Surely, in a' fairness, the priests hae as muckle richt to come frae Rome to Sooth Australia, as he has to gang frae Sooth Australia to Rome.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

**XXXII.—ANENT A UNIFORM TARIFF, AN' ITHET
THINGS IN GENERAL.**

HECH! Jock, this is a weary warl', after a's said an dune, an' when ye hae ance set up for a reformer o't, there's nae en' to yer troubles. A' body's at ye to say twa three words about their ain pet hobby or grievance, an' when ye hae cam' to nigh threescore an' ten ye feel inclined to tak' things easy, especially in sic unco warm weather.

It's no for want o' eggin' on that ye haena' heard frae me for sic a while. Chiel after chiel has been at me to show up ae public abuse after anither. "Mak' an example o' the magistrate that sent the bairn to jail for drivin' a coo oot o' his herd," says aye; "Why dinna' ye speak up for the volunteers," says anither, "seein' what hard measure has been dealt them." "Are ye no' gaen to write a bit Scots poem in blank verse to welcome oor new Governor to the kintra," says a third. "I wun'er to see ye so quate, Saunders, when a' thae thoosan's hae been squaner't on the amoval o' Judge Boothby," says anither. "Show them up weel, an' maybe we'll get some o' the siller back." "Man," says I, "but ye're a perfe' gomeril—get siller back frae a lawyer! aye, when ye can get butter oot o' a dog's mooth, breeks aff a Hielan'man, blude oot o' a stane—try then to get back siller frae a lawyer, after he's ance gruppit it in his nieve, but no till then! Man, ye're a born natural! gae wa' wi' ye, an' dinna' come near me again."

An' that's hoo it is; they're a' at me to write this an' that. The craters mean weel nae doot, they intend to be complimentary, but it's an unco fashious thing to hae made a

leeterary reputation. I dinna' say that I'll tak' nae notice o' a' the different subjec's that hae been suggested to me, but it maun be at ma ain time an' pleasure.

Ye ken the fable o' the auld man an' the ass. Weel, I'm the auld man, but as for the cuddy, I'll leave ye to settle that yersel', for I never like to mak' invidious distinctions. What I think I say, an' what I say, I'll stick tae, an' I'll neither be led nor driven by the face o' clay, for like the miller o' Dee—

“ I care for naebody, no not I,
If naebody cares for me.”

I was thinkin' that it nichtna' be amiss to gi'e ye twa words aboot the proposal that was lately discussed at the Chamber o' Commerce, anent a uniform tariff for Australia, wi' nae Border Customs Duties, but free interchange o' everything.

The proposal comes frae Melbourne, whaur the merchants are naturally anxious to recover the intercolonial trade they hae lost by their Protectionist Tariff. Weel, they're a knowin' set o' chieles there. They werna' born yesterday, an' they hae had art eneuch to gild the pill they sent oor Chamber, by representin' that under this arrangement Adelaide wad get mair than her fair share o' the duties, owin' to the mair drouthy propensities o' the Victorians, an' their consumin' mair dutiable goods.

Weel, the bait was ta'en, an' oor Chamber swallowed it greedily. True, there were but thirteen members present, an' the chief speakers were twa auctioneers, twa newspaper proprietors, an' a Bank manager, an' if they're to be ta'en as representin' the views o' the merchants o' Adelaide, dinna' hae anither lauch at the three tailors o' Tooley Street.

Noo, kennin' the sentiments entertained by Victoria towards Sooth Australia, it's needfu' to look a wee under the surface, when we fin' her makin' offerin's for the sake o' gainin' her ain ends, an' like the auld Trojan I wad say, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," whilk, for the benefit o' the Chamber, I micht translate a thocht freely—

“ Wha look for gifts to Flinders Lane,
May aiblins fin' theirsells mista'en.”

Gude be thankit it's no the sapient body that has gi'en its easy consent to sic a suicidal policy that has the makin' o' oor laws, or we wad sune be gane to pigs an' whistles! The scheme, if carried into effec', wad gi'e Melbourne the entire control o' oor European trade, an' in twa years Port Adelaide wad be reduced to the level o' Geelong an' Portland. Wi' this tariff the trade o' the Sooth-East would gang at ance. No anither unce o' tobacco, a yaird o' claith, or a mutchkin o' whusky, wad enter the Sooth-Eastern District frae Adelaide.

For the supply o' the ither parts of the colony, dootless we wad still be alloo't to import a wheen heavy articles that wadna' pay the cost o' dooble freight, sic as saut, tim'er, airn, lead, an' sic like, but for a' the lichter goods we wad be dependent on Melbourne, an' as a maitter o' course there being nae freights oot, oor oo' and copper wad gang the same way as owre muckle o't has done in years gane by.

The only chance Sooth Australian importers wad hae to avoid total extinction wad be to shift their head quarters to Melbourne, an' carry on their Adelaide business by means o' travellers, an' maybe a head clerk. Gi'e them the same advantages as the Melbourne hooses, an' their local influence wad gi'e them a chance.

As a rule goods can be brocht into Melbourne for aboot five per cent. less than here. They hae a far finer class o' ships, an' at a' seasons. They mak' quicker voyages. They're no detained for a fortnicht waitin' for the tide to tak' them owre the bar, and they discharge their cargoes in aboot a tenth o' the time. Whilst an Adelaide skipper is concoctin' an advertisement that he'll no be responsible for the debts o' his crew, a Melbourne vessel has discharged, and is thrang takin' in her hameward cargo. Losh, man, ye never see that advertisement in the Melbourne papers. As the skippers dinna' intend to spend three or four months in port, they let the tradesfolk tak' their chance wi' their crew, an' gi'e them credit to please themsells.

Wi' uniform tariffs, four-fifths o' oor duties wad be paid in Melbourne. The folk there wad get the siller in the first instance, an' ye ken what it is to hae possession. When oor Treasurer wanted his siller, hoo wad he get it? Maist likely in Victorian bonds, maybe never. It wad be anither case like that o' the giant an' the dwarf, an' if ye mind yer nursery tales, whilk are maistly written wi' a gude moral, ye'll ken whilk o' them fared best.

It michtna' be a'thegither uninstruative to consider the effec's o' the proposed tariff on the three classes here wha alane favour it—the auctioneers, newspaper proprietors, an' bankers. The first wad sune learn that whaur the cargoes gaed tae, there they be't to be sold, and that wadna' be here; an' as for roupin' aff a wheen fairmers an' storekeepers, that wad come to an en' frae the gradual extinction o' the species.

The travellers and clerks employed by the wholesale hooses wha had removed to Melbourne wad naturally prefer takin' the *Age* or *Argus*, to what wad then be mere pro-

vincial, no metropolitan papers, an' the shopkeepers, in their ain defence, wad hae to dae the same to get the latest news o' the markets.

As for the bankers, their palatial structures wad come doon like sae mony hooses o' card, for a' the bills wad be discoonted in Melbourne at ane an' a-hauf or twa per cent. under Adelaide rates, an' the sma' profit to be made by occasionally gi'ein' change for a ane pun' note wad hardly suffice to pay their subscriptions to the Chamber o' Commerce.

As for yersel', Jock, ye settled things sae weel, the last time ye gaed through the Coort, that naething short o' an earthquake or a tidal wave is likely to dae ye ony harm.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

**XXXIII.—ANENT THE ELECTIONS, THE TARIFF, AN'
ITHER THINGS IN GENERAL.**

WEEL, here we are, Jock, on the point o' elec'in' seeven new members to the Legislative Cooncil, an' a bonny lot o' candidates they are. Hech! their kintra ocht to be prood o' them. Can ye pick seeven oot o' the thirteen that ye wad like to represent ye? Can ye fin' sax? It's mair than I can. Four or five at the ootside is as mony as I cud reconcile it to ma conscience to vote for.

There's nae doot it's owre mony vacancies to hae to fill up at ance. Wi' twa or three we may hae a gude contest, but when ye come to seeven, losh! man, ony guid-for-naething

ragamuffin cud get in. I wun'er ye didna' try yersel'. Ye wad hae had a gude chance. A' ye want noo is a han'le to yer name. Ye hae birth an' ye hae siller. Hoo ye got the siller's no the question. Ye hae gotten yer second-class certificate, an' ye can snap yer fingers at yer creditors, an' nae man daur say black's the white o' yer e'e. It's owre late noo, but ye micht try neist time. It wad be a fine thing for Kirstie an' the lasses; they micht in time get the privilege o' the private *entree*. Wha kens?

Ane o' the leadin' members o' the Chamber o' Commerce has ta'en some notice o' ma last letter in terms that were no' entirely uncomplimentary. I'm pleased to see that he's open to fair argument, but I wad jist notice twa bits o' mistakes he's fa'n into in reference to mysel', pittin' aside the triflin' error, whilk the printer shud hae correc't, o' prefixin' the title "Mr." in place o' the article "The," to ma name. Hooever it's no gi'en to every ane to un'erstaun' Hielan' etiquette.

The twa mistakes I refer to are—firstly, chargin' me wi' haein' overlookit something; an' secondly, wi' haein' forgotten something else. To this I wad reply vera simply that I mak' a point o' never overlookin' onything, an' as for forgettin', I hae sic an extraordinar' memory that I never forgot onything in my life, barrin' twa thee triflin' maitters that werena' worth bearin' in mind.

I didna' overlook the fac' that under the proposed uniform tariff oor wheat, floor, an' wine wad win into Victoria duty free; but this I thocht o' sic sma' importance as to be hardly worth ferrin' to. The merest tyro in political economy kens that an import duty on breadstuffs is paid by the consumer. The pun' per ton duty on imported floor in Victoria

is simply a premium offered to the native grower, no' a tax levied on the extra-colonial produce.

It may suit a wheen millers, to wham, nae doot, this impost is a slicht inconvenience, to represent it as a national grievance. But it is na' for a' that; an' if the duty were aff the morn's mornin', it wadna' benefit the Sooth Australian fairmer a bawbee in a hun'er bushels. Ye se ebread's no' like whusky. Unfortunately there's mony folk that, when they hae had eneuch o' whusky or ither speerits, thay want mair nor what's gude for them, but naebody wants mair bread nor he can eat. If he has his fill he's satisfied.

If the Victorians hae eneuch o' wheat o' their ain, they'll no tak' oors, duty or nae duty; that stan's to reason. If they haena' eneuch, an' hae siller to buy, they'll tak' it, duty or nae duty; that stan's to reason again. Sae I canna' see, that even if we had the supplyin' o' Victoria wi' wheat, it wad mak' muckle difference to us as a colony (I dinna' refer to the millers) whether the Victorians choose to tax themselves on imported floor or no. But, considerin' that in a year or twa Victoria may probably hae mair wheat to export than we will, I think it mak's still less.

Nor do I think it's worth oor while to ruin oor hame shippin' trade, an' diminish oor Customs revenue by at least a third, for the vera problematical advantage o' gettin' oor cereals into Victoria duty free.

As to the wine, that's anither question. For the sake o' oor common humanity I wad hope that the members o' the Chamber dinna' contemplate wi' satisfaction the prospect o' floodin' a neighbourin' an' no unfriendly colony wi' that poisonous traah, known as colonial wine, that's killin' aff oor agricultural population by scores. *Vide* various coroners'

inquests, an' the experience o' a' auld colonists. It's wun'erfu' what men will dae, though, for the hopes o' sordid gain; but I'll neither aid nor abet them in this.

But let us argue the question noo. Ane o' the sops offered by Victoria is, that as her population consumes mair dutiable goods, especially speerits, per head than oors; in the general distribution we wad come best aff. Admittin' this, what wad be the result, when instead o' drinkin' brandy an' gin at ten shullin's a gallon duty, an' killin' themsells aff by degrees, they took to drinkin' oor colonial wine, duty free, wi' its natural results—fearfu' internal pains an' sudden death? Weel, in the first place, there wad be an immediate diminution in the population o' Victoria, an enormous increase in the number o' coroners' inquests, an' a vera serious deficiency in the revenue derived frae speerits. Every gallon o' duty free wine drank wad replace a certain amoont o' ten shullin' a gallon speerits, sae that in a vera short period there wad be a smaller consumption per head in Victoria o' dutiable goods than even here, an' what unrighteous gains oor wine-growers made in the ae way, the colony as a whole wad lose in the tither.

I didna' forget that a Treaty cud aye be terminated by proper notice if it didna' suit, though I maun say that's but a puir argument for formin' ane; an' after, through the operation o' sic a Treaty, the trade o' the colony had been diverted into ither channels, it wad be unco hard work to bring it back again.

I cud hardly hae forgotten sic a simple truth, seein' that I had jist been institutin' inquiries into the warkin' o' the Riverina Treaty atween the twa neebourin' Colonies, an' been informed that New Sooth Wales is vera far frae

certain that she'll no hae to gie early notice o' a termination o' that Treaty.

Maist o' the members o' the Chamber 'll likely ken that some twa years sin' syne, Victoria covenanted wi' New Sooth Wales to receive a' the duties collec'tit in Riverina, an' to pay her saxty thoosan' pun's a year in lieu o' her share. It was an excellent Treaty, an' warked admirably. It stoppit a' the incipient ceevil wars that were threatenin' on various pairts o' the Murray, it was convenient for Sooth Australia tae, an' it was highly profitable to Victoria. She aye looks oot to be on the richt side. There was but ae triflin' hitch, an' it was this. Ance Victoria grippit the siller, she likit to stick tae't, an' I am credibly informed that oot o' the hun'er an' twenty thoosan' noo due to New South Wales by Victoria, she hasna' yet received ae single farden.

It's a gude auld adage "look afore ye loup." Let the Chamber tak' a second thocht, afore it tries to reduce Sooth Australia to the status o' a subjec' province.

Yer Guid-Brither,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.

**XXXIV.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN
ADVERTISER.**

SIR,—In reply to the inquiries of your correspondent "Jock Tamson" and others, I am happy to say that I am in tolerably good health, but that, from various circumstances, I have no present intention of resuming the publication of my correspondence with my "guid-brither." That gentlemen is no longer in the colony, having at length realised a long-cherished wish of returning to his native land with a fair competency.

In fact, he was one of the last of those who took advantage of the assignment clauses of our insolvency law prior to the alteration, and having, some time previously, settled all he possibly could upon his wife, he was enabled to retire with a tolerably handsome fortune, after paying his creditors about sixpence in the pound.

As the honest fellow remarked on the occasion of a farewell entertainment in his honour :—

"I hae suffered sair mysel' wi' thae weary assignments, muckle siller hae I lost, an' aften hae I misca'd them, but I'm inclined the noo to look on them in a'thegither a different licht. Man! by ae scrape o' ma pen to that deed, I hae dune mair for mysel' an' ma family than I cud hae dune by twenty years o' hard wark."

Jock reached home in safety, and has now settled down in the neighbourhood of Campbeltown, where he has purchased a small estate. He was induced to select this locality partly from the beauty of the scenery and the presence of several old cronies, but mainly, I believe, from the excellent quality

of the whisky distilled there in such abundance that the perfume renders the air fragrant for miles round.

Kirstie and family are all well, and as the Herald's College has discovered that she is a far awa' cousin of The McCailean Mohr, maybe 10 or 12 times removed, she is looking forward to being presented at Coort with her two daughters.

Jock, honest man, says, however, that "Coorts are kittle places to deal wi', an' as he was ance bein' nearly put through the Coort in Australia, he's no heedin' about haein' onything to dae wi' them in future."

One of Jock's greatest regrets on leaving the colony was, that he had not gone into Parliament with the view of getting into the Ministry, and being thereby entitled to wear an official uniform. Not that he had any expectation of being allowed to wear it after his term of office had expired, but that he might have shown to admiring friends at home the fearful and wonderful style in which South Australian Ministers are officially arrayed.

This predilection of my esteemed relative has recurred to my mind, in consequence of seeing an announcement in the last *Gazette*, that an ex-Minister was to be permitted still to wear his uniform, though out of office.

I only regret that so momentous a notice had not a *Gazette* to itself. Its effect is somewhat marred from appearing between a proclamation referring to a well-known disease in sheep, and another as to the Width of Tires Act.

Still, it but proves the truth of the adage, that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

One of our greatest living orators recently remarked, "that a sense of the ludicrous was one of the happiest gifts that

could be conferred on man, and that he happened to possess it uncommonly strong." Happy must be that man who not only possesses that gift, but is also endowed with the faculty of communicating it to others.

Seriously, however, Sir, it is, I consider, a matter for rejoicing that this *Gazette* notice has appeared. At a time when the heart of the empire is rent with dissensions, when Fenianism and Republicanism stalk abroad almost unrebuked, when a Bradlaugh arrogantly declares that he will never permit the Prince of Wales to reign, when a Dilke publicly pronounces in favour of a Republic, how grand is the spectacle revealed in this remote dependency; an ex-Minister is so enamoured of the trappings of the shadow of royalty, that a *Gazette* announces to an admiring people that they are still to be gladdened with the sight of the honourable gentleman disporting himself in the uniform of the office he no longer holds, and which he quitted with so much regret.

I trust, Sir, that this important event will be duly chronicled in the next Summary for Europe, to show that here, at least, is a community still unprepared for the severe simplicity of a Republic.

I am, Sir, &c.,

SAUNDERS MCTAVISH.



